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To Dear Jenny
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GATHERED LEAVES OF MANY
SEASONS.



*W. L. Gulliver, M.D.
Birmingham*

Gathered Leaves of Many Seasons:

BEING THE

COLLECTED POEMS

OF

HUGH HUTTON, M.A.

FORMERLY MINISTER, FOR TWENTY-NINE YEARS, OF THE
OLD MEETING-HOUSE, BIRMINGHAM.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

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TO MY FRIEND,
CHARLES MACKAY, ESQ., LL.D.
(The People's Poet),
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
IN SINCERE ADMIRATION OF THE
VERSATILITY, GENEROSITY, AND MANLINESS OF HIS GENIUS,
AND IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF THE MANY IMPORTANT SERVICES RENDERED BY IT
IN THE ADVOCACY OF
HUMAN LIBERTY, POLITICAL REFORMATION, AND SOCIAL
PROGRESS
ALL OVER THE WORLD.

HUGH HUTTON.

3, VICTORIA TERRACE, ROCHESTER SQUARE,
CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON.

725475

P R E F A C E.

IT is with some feelings of diffidence that the author of the following pieces, which were composed at different seasons during a long course of professional anxiety and labour, now ventures to submit them to the public eye. As, however, many of them were written for special occasions, sometimes of local, and sometimes of popular interest, at the call of duty or of friendship; as they were honoured, at the time of their production, with the approbation of those, for whose service they were primarily intended; and as the sentiments which they express will (it is hoped) be found conducive to the great interests of religious truth, of human freedom, and of social and political progress, at all times—the author is encouraged to believe, that his volume will not appear as an obtrusive or unwelcome visitor to many of those into whose presence it may come. He even indulges the hope that he will find a number of sympathizing readers

among those who remember the deeds of other years, in which it was his privilege, his pride, and his happiness, to stand in the ranks of the men who dared to advocate the rights of universal humanity, and to be a worker with them for the advancement of the various practical reforms, which were then needed to maintain the honour, peace, and welfare of the nation, and to secure its beneficial influence among the other kingdoms and peoples of the earth.

The “Songs of Liberty” were written during the memorable, noble, and peaceful struggles of the masses of the people of this country through the organization of the *Political Unions* over the length and breadth of the land, to procure the passing of the “Reform Bill.” It may be important, in an historical point of view, that the author should here notice and correct a most unaccountable error committed by the author or editor of the “Memoirs of B. R. Haydon,” Tom Taylor, Esq., of the Inner Temple, in several parts of his book, when alluding to the movements of these associations, especially at Birmingham. Once in the table of contents, and thrice in the body of his work, he speaks of them as “the *Trades’ Unions*.” Thus at page 329 of Vol. II. we have the following passage: “1832. This year was memorable in Haydon’s life. It brought him into relation with the *Trades’ Unions* at

Birmingham, and with the Minister who carried the Reform Bill. In it he made an unsuccessful attempt to raise a subscription for a picture of the Trades' Union Meeting at Newhall Hill, and was actually commissioned by Earl Grey to paint a picture of the Reform Banquet in Guildhall." At page 340 of the same volume this passage occurs: "When the great Reform meeting of the Trades' Unions took place at Newhall Hill, near Birmingham, it occurred to Haydon, that the moment the vast concourse joined in the sudden prayer offered up by Hugh Hutton would make a fine subject for a picture." The misnomer here is remarkable, as coming from such a quarter. It would, however, have been passed over by the author unchallenged, had not his name been brought so prominently forward in connexion with it. In order therefore to set himself right with his readers, and through them with the public, he proceeds to state, that no two institutions could be more distinct in their origin and aim, or more opposed in their spirit and their operations, than the "Political Unions" and the "Trades' Unions" of 1832. The former, as I have already intimated, were established solely for the advancement of political reforms, and numbered among their members a multitude of the most opulent merchants and manufacturers of the country, as well as an immense host of the

more intelligent and sober-minded of the working classes. The motto of these Unions was "Peace, Law, and Order." The "Trades' Unions," on the other hand, owed their origin to long-cherished suspicions and incessant disputes between the labouring classes and their employers ; and wherever they existed and their objects were vigorously carried out, they led to a most injurious alienation between the possessors of capital and the dependents on labour, to unjust coercions on those work-people who would not enrol themselves in such Unions, and to many strikes and other stoppages of trade in various districts of the kingdom. On these accounts the "Trades' Unions" were repudiated and denounced by the Leaders of the "Political Union" at Birmingham, and the influence of the latter was always exerted to prevent the people from listening to the factious mob-orators, who were at that time endeavouring to excite them into various acts which directly tended to a *breach* of the "Peace," to a *contempt* and *violation* of the "Law" of the land, and to the *subversion* of all established "Order" in society. Instead therefore of "Trades' Unions," read "Political Unions," in all the passages in Mr. T. Taylor's book bearing upon this subject. At the end of this Preface are inserted two letters from Mr. Haydon to the author, on the subject above alluded to, selected from a number received from this

most talented and eccentric, and equally unfortunate artist.

The author's connexion with the Political Union, and his professional duties among the various classes composing his congregation, had turned his attention to a number of subjects relating to the education, the improvement, and the happiness of the people; and he had formed the idea of treating of these matters in a series of plain popular verses for common use, and publishing them under the assumed title of "The Experiences and Opinions of Old Rowney the Rhymers." Considerable progress had been made in collecting materials for the execution of this project, and even something had been done towards it in the way of composition: but the incessant claims of a laborious profession upon his time and thought, first interrupted the work, and eventually suspended it altogether. The only portion of it, which the author has considered in a fit state for publication, will be found at page 241 of the present volume.

Those pieces of a lighter character, with which the author occasionally amused himself, were for the most part intended to be representations of the imagined feelings and sentiments of persons placed in certain supposed circumstances of a joyous or sorrowful character; but sometimes they were the natural expression of thoughts

and emotions awakened at sundry times within the author's own mind, by the fascinating spell of certain strains of Music, whose spirit seemed to ask his aid to give them embodiment in some suitable form of words. As he now retains no recollection either of the names or of the melodies of the said strains, he is unable to say at the present moment, whether he has succeeded or failed in his experiment.

The author of this volume has long had the honour, which does not properly belong to him, of being considered the writer of the bold and stirring Hymn, which was frequently sung by the tens of thousands of lusty voices, which used to be brought together in glorious harmony at the gigantic meetings of the "Birmingham Political Union." This composition is so similar, in its general sentiment and in some of its expressions, to the one printed on page 78, as almost to justify the general supposition, that they are both the products of the same pen. But each had its birth in perfect independence of the other. The author remembers his having held a conversation with the late Thomas Atwood, Esq., the original founder and head-director of the Political Unions, respecting the authorship of this fine Song; in the course of which that gentleman informed him, that it was the common property of several gentlemen who were one

evening assembled around his table, "each of whom had a something to do with it;" but that his son Bosco, he believed, "had the principal hand in it." To aid in the preservation of this spirited composition, it is inserted below.

3, *Victoria Terrace, Rochester Square,*
Camden Town, Oct. 1, 1858.

THE GATHERING HYMN OF THE POLITICAL UNIONS.

"Lo! we answer! see we come,
Quick at Freedom's holy call;
We come! we come! we come! we come!
To do the glorious work of all;
And hark! we raise from sea to sea
The sacred watchword, Liberty!

"God is our Guide! From field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom,
We come, our country's rights to save,
And speak a tyrant faction's doom;
And hark! we raise from sea to sea
The sacred watchword, Liberty!

"God is our Guide! No swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle fires;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires;
We raise the watchword, Liberty!
We will, we will, we will be free!"

LETTERS FROM THE LATE B. R. HAYDON, ESQ.

(Referred to in page x.)

“4, Burwood Place, Connaught Terrace,
May 26, 1832.

“SIR,—Without the honour of a personal introduction, I take the liberty of writing you.

“I am so deeply impressed by the scene when you stepped forward and uttered a temporary (sic in MS. for *an extemporaneous*) prayer, that I have determined to paint a Picture of it. It is the finest thing in history. If I come down to Birmingham to make sketches of the localities and of all the leading characters who were on the hustings at the time, will you do me the honour to give me every assistance in that point? Mr. Atwood is in Town, but I do not know where, or I should have paid my respects to him. As I have spoken to you of my intentions and mean sincerely to make a grand national Picture, I hope you will give me the preference, if anybody else comes after me. I'll put forth all my might.

“With every apology,

“Your obedient,

“Rev. — Hutton.

“B. R. HAYDON.

“Of course all the leading men must sit to me for their Portraits, as I shall put in Portraits of all who were present.”

“London, May 28, 1832.

“DEAR SIR,—On the receipt of your letter, I went to Mr. Atwood, but he was gone. I saw Mr. Parkes, who has given me every encouragement. You are quite at liberty to speak of it to the leaders of the Union.

“The state of the case is this—if I do it as a private speculation, I must do it half the size of Life, to make it available to any private gentleman ; but what I should glory in, would be this, to paint it in the size of Life for Birmingham, to be placed in some Public Room as a memento of the most impressive thing in history. I'd do justice to it, because I cried when I read it.

“If Birmingham was swallowed up this instant by an earthquake and left not a vestige behind it, it would still be immortal!—an example to the future ages of its own glorious land, and a rival of the most celebrated cities for energy and patriotism which ever existed in the world. This is my *genuine* impression. I have no dirty, paltry, or interested motives. If I had not been overwhelmed by ruin, for standing up against the Despotism of Power, I would paint it and present it—but this is impossible. I have seven children, who look up to me for education, example, and support.

“You shall hear again in a day or two, fixing my coming down. I sent to Mr. Hume for Mr. Atwood's address. I only got it to-day. My respects to Mr. Atwood.

“Yours faithfully,

“Rev. Hugh Hutton.”

“B. R. HAYDON.”

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RUTH;

A SACRED DRAMA, DESIGNED FOR AN ORATORIO.

THE story of Ruth, besides its claims to attention arising from the beautiful simplicity and touching pathos of the Scripture narrative, has also peculiar attractions, dependent on its connexion with the history of the family most gloriously distinguished in the annals of the Jewish people. For Obed, the son of Boaz and Ruth, became the father of Jesse, whose son was David, the Bard and King of Israel ; in whose line arose Jesus, the Messiah, ordained of God to be the Saviour of the world.

The Book of Ruth informs us, that “in the days when the Judges ruled, there was a famine in the land ; and a certain man of Bethlehem-Judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons ; and the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife, Naomi, and the name of his two sons, Mahlon and Chilion.” Naomi’s husband soon died ; and her sons “took them wives of the women of Moab ;” but her sons also dying, she resolved to return to her own land, after an exile of ten years.

In the following composition, it is supposed that Naomi had been a widow for some years, having lost her husband while her sons were young : and the action of the drama commences on the last of the days of public mourning for the death of Chilion, the husband of Orpah, in accordance with the manners of the East.

CHARACTERS.

Men.

BOAZ.
ETHNI.
ZABAD.

Women.

NAOMI.
RUTH.
ORPAH.

Chorus.

MOABITE MOURNERS AND MINSTRELS.
INHABITANTS OF BETHLEHEM.
REAPERS.
GLEANERS.
THE TEN ELDERS.
YOUTHS AND MAIDENS OF THE BRIDE-CHAMBER.

RUTH.

PART I.

SCENE I.—*The Habitation of Naomi, in Moab.*

NAOMI (*Recitative*), *addressing Orpah and Ruth.*

Daughters, 'tis good to bow unto the Lord !
I trusted in His power, when, from my home
In Judah's land, sore famine drove me out
To dwell with strangers, seeking food and rest.
The Lord went with me, and prepared my way.
I knew not exile in its fears and pains,
With him, the cherish'd husband of my youth,
And two brave sons, the pillars of my hope :
Abundance crown'd our labour, peace our love !
And when at length the nuptial bonds had brought
You to my side, how happy was my lot
In daughters worthy of my noble sons !
I thought my cup was flowing o'er with joy—
I could not see a cloud—yet storms were near.
Three years had fled unmark'd by woe, when swift
The hand of death smote my Elimelech
In beauteous age, proud glory of my heart—
He pass'd away like a fond dream at morn !

NAOMI, RUTH, and ORPAH. (*Trio.*)

But the Lord hath been the widow's stay
Through all her days of loneliness ;
He hath strew'd His mercies in her way,
And giv'n her strength in her distress.

RUTH. (*Recitative.*)

Again the spoiler mark'd the tent of peace—
My Mahlon fell, thine eldest-born, and left
His Ruth, even in her bridal prime as stripp'd
And 'lorn as in the wintry waste of age.

(*Air.*)

He fell in the pride of his youth,
And his beauty departed too soon,
In the bloom of his manhood and truth,
Like the day struck with darkness at noon ;
Yet he comes in the mists of the night,
To revisit this heart in its strife ;
And his image is circled with light,
Which shall never decay but with life.

NAOMI and RUTH. (*Duet.*)

In visions of the night sweet peace descends,
Bright as an Angel, to refresh our soul—
Still o'er our sleep the Lord in mercy bends,
And all the springs of life and thought controls.

ORPAH. (*Air.*)

A third time hath the fatal arrow sped—
And my belov'd Chilion sleeps in dust :
Fresh is the earth that lies above his breast,
And fresh the general grief that mourns his fate ;

But Orpah's sorrow inly wastes her soul,
Her husband gone—no child to cheer her gloom !

NAOMI, RUTH, and ORPAH. (*Trio.*)

Ours is the common lot of mortal flesh !
We are born to sorrow, and are brethren
Of the worm ! We come forth as the flower,
To be cut down ! We vanish fast away !

SCENE II.—*The Valley of Sepulchres.*

RUTH. (*Recitative.*)

Behold ! the mourners and the minstrels come
With tabour, pipe, and timbrel, to lament
The dead. This day we give to tears, the last
That claims this pious office o'er their tomb.

NAOMI. (*Recitative.*)

This done, I and my daughters part, to go
Each where her choice may lead. My spirit yearns
To see again my own dear native land,
My people's tents to enter, welcomed home,
And with their tribes go up before the Lord.

(*Air.*)

'Tis cureless woe to linger here
With death's memorials always near—
To feel, with daily anguish stirr'd,
Homeless and restless as yon bird,
A mother too, whose mate is snar'd,
Her downy nest torn from its seat,
Nor one of all her younglings spar'd
O'er whom her breast so fondly beat !

Wildly she flutters round the spot,
 To seek the lost—but finds them not.
 Better, poor bird, to flee away,
 Than near thy ruin'd home to stay !

FUNERAL DIRGE.

MOURNING MEN. (*Semichorus.*)

Lowly and silent they sleep on their bed,
 In the house where the living are hast'ning to dwell ;
 The storms that sweep over them, wake not the dead—
 All dreamless they slumber, in death's mighty spell.

WOMEN. (*Semichorus.*)

They were dear to the daughters of Moab, who weep
 O'er the wisdom of years, and the beauty of prime :
 In the love of our hearts shall their praises lie deep,
 And the fame of their virtues shall triumph o'er time.

MEN and WOMEN. (*Chorus.*)

The Sire, in his ripeness,
 The Sons, in their springing—
 They have dropt from their height,
 To lie wasting in dust ;
 But their spirits, now freed,
 Through the wide azure winging,
 Are seeking the home
 Of the valiant and just.

NAOMI, RUTH, and ORPAH. (*Trio.*)

They rest beneath the shelter of Jehovah's wing,
 And live to Him, though dead to all beside !
 No more to us shall they return ; but He will bring
 Our souls to them, beyond death's gloomy tide.

FULL CHORUS.

A wailing for the dead—a sad and last farewell !

No more their place shall know them,

No more the eye behold them,

Where they were wont to dwell !

Their shadow from the earth hath pass'd, to come no
more !

The ripen'd fruit is fallen,

The stately flowers broken—

Their mortal growth is o'er !

A wailing for the dead, the honour'd and the brave—

A sad and last farewell to the lov'd within the grave !

SCENE III.—*In the Land of Moab, on the Road to Bethlehem.*

NAOMI.

(Recitative.)

Adown the gentle sloping of this hill

My easy path declines. Daughters, return,

While yet your weeping kindred linger near

To lead you home. Why should you go with me ?

Your youth is fresh, your beauty still in prime ;

But since the Lord against my house hath rais'd

His hand, no sons remain to me, to crown.

Your loves—childless in feeble age I'm left,

Alone ! Return, my daughters, to your home.

ORPAH.

(Air.)

Like a fountain of gushing waters,

My heart poureth out its tears ;

For thou takest from Moab's daughters,

The light of their happy years :

Though other loves should round us twine,
No love can cheer us, wanting thine.

ORPAH, NAOMI, and RUTH. (*Trio.*)

To the breast where affection reigneth,
The lov'd, though absent, still are near ;
And memory their forms retaineth,
Through all life's various wand'rings, dear.

[*Orpah retires.*]

NAOMI, to Ruth. (*Recitative.*)

Behold ! thy sister doth unto her home
Return, unto her people and her gods—
Follow her steps ; and the Lord send thee peace !

RUTH. (*Air.*)

Intreat me not to leave thee—

From thee I cannot part :

Nor joy, nor peace awaits me,

But only where thou art.

I go where'er thou goest—

Thy lodging shall be mine :

I'll love thy land, thy people—

And serve no God but thine.

I'll die where'er thou diest,

And rest thy grave beside ;

Whatever lot befall thee,

Not death shall us divide !

(*Duet.*)

NAOMI. Return, daughter, return !

Thy own land bloometh fair ;

And sore thy heart will burn,

When thou canst not be there.

RUTH and NAOMI. (*Duet.*)

No more 'mid scenes we linger
Which late we held so dear—
Like mists, their forms are vanish'd,
Whose love enchain'd us here !
Their heads are lowly resting
Where cool streams wander by ;
And a watch is o'er them keeping,
By Heav'n's unslumbering eye !
Farewell to them—farewell !

SCENE IV.—*The Village of Bethlehem.*

VILLAGERS. (*Semichorus.*)

Who toileth up yon steep and rugged way
With feeble steps?—She leaneth on the neck
Of one that seemeth of another land,
Gentle and comely.—Sorrow hath been their's,
For both are clad in weeds of death and woe.

(*Quartet.*)

How anxiously the younger one doth tend
The faltering weakness of her partner's age,
To point the smoother path, to raise her load,
And ease with helping arm the rude ascent !

(*Chorus.*)

Soon as they gain the height, we'll give them rest !

(*Solo—Recitative.*)

Is not this Naomi?—But what a change !

(*Air.*)

That form how stately once, now drooping low !
That foot, how firm and sprightly, thus creeping slow !
Not so she mov'd, weak, loitering, o'er the ground,
When her clear voice made all these hills resound ;
Her cheek was bright and cheerful as the day—
Now dark with clouds which will not pass away.

(*Semichorus.*)

It is Naomi—long lost—return'd again !

(*Chorus.*)

Welcome to Naomi with joyful strain !

NAOMI.

(*Air.*)

No more that name of *pleasant* sound
Befitteth me to wear !
My joys are fled—my woes abound—
And *bitter* is my care !
Be *Mara* then my mournful name,
To speak my alter'd state—
I went out full, but homeward came
Childless and desolate !

VILLAGERS.

(*Semichorus.*)

But though the Lord hath made thy tears to flow,
He yet will comfort thee, and send thee peace.

RUTH.

(*Air.*)

Receive me, though a stranger,
And let me find a home,
Where neither want, nor danger,
Across my path may come !

NAOMI, VILLAGER, and RUTH. (*Trio.*)

The heart with pity glowing,
 To God is ever dear—
 Like Heav'n, its gifts bestowing,
 The wearied soul to cheer.

(*Full Chorus.*)

The Lord hath visited his people,
 In giving them bread :—and He hath put
 Gladness into their heart :—Praise the Lord !
 He hath set them in a good land,
 A land of fountains,
 That run among the valleys and the hills :
 He bids us give the hungry food,
 The wand'ring rest.—Praise the Lord—praise the Lord !
 Blessed for ever be His Holy Name,
 For all that He hath done !—Praise the Lord !

PART II.

SCENE I.—*The Corn-fields of Boaz—Time of Harvest.*

PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

RUTH.

(*Air.*)

Gently as the waking morn
 Greet the dew-besprinkled corn,
 Dawning Hope revives the mind
 To Jehovah's will resign'd !
 Cheerful, as these spreading rays,
 Be my heart to sing His praise !

REAPERS. *(Full Chorus.)*

See ! joyous harvest now is nigh !
Raise, raise the shout of gladness high !

(Semichorus, or Sestet.)

The early and the latter rains
Have spread their treasures o'er our plains ;
The vines their swelling clusters shew,
And full the ripening olives grow ;
The waving corn inclines its head,
To meet our stroke, where'er we tread :
Then let our songs triumphant rise,
To Him who gives these rich supplies !

(Full Chorus.)

For now the joyous harvest's nigh—
Raise, raise to God the grateful cry !

ZABAD. *(Air.)*

Once, when the Lord withheld His hand,
How droop'd the sick and thirsty land !
Night sent no dew, the clouds no rain,
The wither'd earth refused us grain :
Nor Summer yielded then his fruit,
His trees were wasted to the root ;
Our famish'd flocks dropt faint or dead—
To distant lands our kindred fled ;
No singing then aroused the vale—
But mournful sighs, and hopeless wail !

REAPERS. *(Full Chorus.)*

But now the joyous harvest's nigh—
Raise, raise to God the grateful cry !

ZABAD.

(Recitative.)

Quick to your wonted tasks, while morn is cool,
To gather and to store the fruits which God
Provides in rich abundance for our use :
And, as ye ply your eager work, within
The corners of the field some remnants leave,
To feed the widow and the fatherless,
The stranger and the poor. The Lord hath said,
To them the gleanings of the land belong.

GLEANERS.

(Semichorus.)

The Lord—He is merciful—
His promise is sure ;
The Lord is ever bountiful—
He guardeth the poor :
The Lord—He remembereth
His children's distress ;
The Lord's hand is never stay'd,
The lowly to bless.

REAPERS and GLEANERS. *(Full Chorus.)*

Praise the Lord—praise the Lord !
He is God alone !
Praise the Lord—praise the Lord !
Creation is His throne !
Over all our valleys
He hath open'd wide His hand ;
Praise, praise His goodness,
For the fruits which crown the land !

BOAZ, *entering.**(Recitative.)*

The Lord be with you !

REAPERS. *(Semichorus.)*
And the Lord bless thee !

BOAZ, *to Zabad.* *(Recitative.)*
Who is the damsel, whom I there behold
Gleaning among my sheaves? My heart is mov'd
To aid her poverty—her look is sad !

ZABAD. *(Recitative.)*
'Tis the young stranger, whom our Naomi
Brought from the land where she abode. With leave
To glean beside the reapers here, her work
She patient hath pursued from dawn till now.

BOAZ, *to Ruth.* *(Air.)*
List to my words, fair daughter ! Go
Not hence, in other fields to glean ;
Thy place among my maidens know,
And gather where my sheaves have been :
And when thou wouldst thy thirst allay,
Or rest from noon's oppressive ray,
Partake of all my people share,—
And let thy sorrows be my care.

RUTH. *(Air.)*
Though within thy land unknown,
Thine eye to me hath favour shewn ;
And the poor stranger's heart is bow'd
With thanks she cannot speak aloud.

BOAZ. *(Recitative.)*
No stranger is thy fame, fair Ruth, to me,
Nor to mine ear thy love and faith unknown.

(*Air.*)

Free thou hast left thy father's side,
Thy mother's fond embrace,
The steps of trembling age to guide,
Her childless home to grace.

Thy heart is gentle, pure, and good,
To love's best service true,
To cheer the widow's solitude,
Her wasted joys renew.

May Israel's God extend His wing,
To shield thy onward way ;
And from thy deeds a blessing spring,
Which ne'er shall know decay.

RUTH.

(*Recitative.*)

To prove my trust in Him, I'm hither come ;
And He hath raised me up a help in thee.

(*Air.*)

Thy words have comfort spoken
To a heart oppress'd with fears,
And the cup of sorrow broken,
Overflow'd so long with tears.

REAPERS.

(*Chorus.*)

The giant Sun hath climb'd on high,
And downward turns his blazing eye—
'Tis time his fatal glance to shun,
And hide until his wrath is done :
Then let us to our noontide cheer,
Till eve proclaim no danger near !

ZABAD.

(Air.)

Give this stranger welcome free,
 Though unlike our maids she be ;
 And when next afield ye go,
 To her want some bounty shew,
 Her sadness cheer, her weakness shield,
 And aid her labours o'er the field.

REAPERS and GLEANERS. *(Full Chorus.)*

'Tis sweet to rest, our labour done,
 Where some cool shade repels the Sun ;
 To share the feast kind Nature spreads,
 And on her lap recline our heads :
 So, when the hour of toil returns,
 Each heart, refresh'd and grateful, burns
 To thank the bounteous Lord above,
 For all the blessings of His Love.

SCENE II.—*The Abode of Naomi.*

NAOMI.

(Recitative.)

How late my daughter lingers ! 'Tis for me
 She tasks her strength—for me alone she cares.
 Kind is the Lord, to guard me with her love,
 When all my prospect seem'd o'ercast with woe—
 So have I seen, amid the furious storm,
 Heav'n's beauteous bow spread gladness o'er the scene.

(Air.)

The years of age were dreary,
 Without that lov'd one nigh—

When droops my spirit weary,
To lift my hopes on high !

The lamp of life declining,
Youth's smile cannot relume ;
But, while *her* love is shining,
I cannot pine in gloom.

RUTH, *entering.* (*Recitative.*)

Behold, dear Mother, what my hands have won !
'Tis all for thee ! The Lord hath rais'd us friends.

NAOMI. (*Recitative.*)

Where hast thou glean'd so large a store ? And who
Hath smil'd so kindly on my daughter's toil ?

RUTH. (*Air.*)

His name is Boaz, in whose fields I wrought,
Graceful in speech, and ready to befriend—
His maids and reapers, by their master taught,
Shall aid my labour, till the harvest end.

NAOMI. (*Recitative.*)

'Tis well, that with his people thou shalt keep
Alway ; for he is of my husband's kin—
A mighty man of wealth—from whom shall com
The rest I seek for thee, by Israel's law.

NAOMI and RUTH. (*Duet.*)

Blessed of the Lord is he,
Whose heart, by pity led,
Treateth the living bounteously,
And honoureth the dead.

SCENE III.—*The Gate of Bethlehem.*BOAZ, *in meditation.* (*Recitative.*)

She hath bow'd herself at my feet, and laid
 My garment on her head, to claim from me
 All that a kinsman owes, protection, love,
 And hospitality—these shall she have ;
 Yet there is one more near than I ; but not
 With him dwelleth the liberal hand to raise
 The weak ! Still must his right be honour'd first.

(*Air.*)

The beauty in her face
 Bespeaks a noble mind—
 The modest, artless grace
 Of native worth, refin'd :
 And though her look darts not the light
 Of maiden in her spring,
 Its milder glances soothe the sight,
 And surer promise bring :
 The ripeness of the generous heart
 Beams in that gentle eye—
 So, when Spring's brilliant hues depart,
 The Summer's fruit is nigh.

THE TEN ELDERS. (*Chorus.*)

Peace be to thee ! The blessing of our God
 Dwell in the tent of Boaz ! for his presence
 Filleth a multitude with gladness,
 And causeth the widow's heart to sing for joy.

BOAZ. (*Recitative.*)

And to the Elders of the city may
The Lord give wisdom equal to their years !

(*To Ethni, his kinsman.*)

Ho ! my kinsman ! Turn thy steps aside ;
Sit down, and give thine ear unto my words—
And let the Elders judge 'twixt thee and me.

ETHNI. (*Recitative.*)

Give ready speech unto the thought so near
Thy tongue—but let thy words be few and plain.

BOAZ. (*Recitative.*)

The widow'd Naomi, but late return'd
From Moab, purposeth to sell her land,
The portion of our brother who is gone :
Redeem it if thou wilt—that right to thee
Belongs, as kindred of the dead :
If thou refuse, then I am next to thee.

ETHNI. (*Recitative.*)

Thou sayest truth ! My claim will I assert—
For it is a fair land and rich ; therefore——

BOAZ. (*Recitative.*)

Remember what our Law hath said on this—
What day thou buy'st the field from Naomi,
Thou shalt redeem it too of Ruth,
The widow of her son, that thou mayst raise
His name upon his own inheritance.
Art thou prepar'd for what the Law demands ?

ETHNI.

(Recitative.)

This must not be—lest I should mar my own
Inheritance, in favour of the dead.

Behold ! I here pluck off my shoe, and give
It, in their sight, into thy hand, to shew
To Israel, that all my right hath pass'd
To thee. Take thou the widow and the land.

(Air.)

Shall I own the sway of Love,
Which my breast doth never move ?
Shall I bow to Beauty's charms,
Who my bosom never warms ?

No ! Of wealth and pow'r possess,
Free I yield to thee the rest :
Leave to me my solitude,
Where no wedded cares intrude.

BOAZ.

(Air.)

Glad I take the gifts you scorn !
Love and Beauty life adorn :
Dearer to my soul are they,
Than all treasures seen by day :
Ceaseless changes make up life—
But how constant is a wife !
She brings peace when cares annoy,
And her presence heightens joy.

BOAZ and ETHNI.

(Duet.)

Then let each his taste pursue—

ETHNI.	Love	}	for me, and	{	love	}	for you !
BOAZ.	Wealth				wealth		

ETHNI. Oh ! what pleasures riches give !
 BOAZ. Who for them alone would live ?
 ETHNI. Strength and greatness they impart—
 BOAZ. But they never touch the heart.
 ETHNI. I my freedom shall retain—
 BOAZ. Happier I, in love's strong chain !
 BOTH. Then let each his taste pursue :
 BOAZ. Love } for me, and { wealth }
 ETHNI. Wealth } { love } for you !

ELDERS. *(Chorus.)*

We all are witnesses unto this deed,
 Which takes from Ethni all a kinsman's right :
 And Ruth shall unto Boaz be, as clings
 The vine's soft tendril 'round the stately elm.

SCENE IV. AND LAST.—*In Bethlehem.*

BOAZ, to Naomi. *(Recitative.)*

Thy daughter, Ruth, hath follow'd duty's path,
 And it hath brought both her and thee to rest ;
 So doth the Lord reward His servants' trust.

NAOMI. *(Recitative.)*

The Lord ! let every tongue pronounce His praise !
 'Tis He that rules the winds, and brings the calm !

(Air.)

With clouds and storms
 My noon of life was overcast ;
 But now in peace
 Its evening sunlight glows at last.

BOAZ, *to Ruth.**(Air.)*

Say ! canst thou forget
 Thy dear native land,
 Where stray'd thy feet in childhood's careless glee ?
 Nor shall fond regret
 E'er thy tears demand,
 When Judah's hills thy constant home shall be ?
 Wilt thou, Ruth, my gentle bride,
 All thy fears and cares confide
 To him, who lives alone to shelter thee ?

RUTH.

(Air.)

Those traces deep can ne'er depart,
 Our natal scenes have mark'd in light—
 Their early joys still move the heart,
 When many years have wing'd their flight ;
 But, though I cannot all-forget
 The land where stray'd my youthful feet,
 Yet there shall be my home, where God hath set
 Thee for my guide, my head, my safe retreat.

ELDERS.

(Chorus.)

Be witnesses, all ye of Bethlehem,
 That mighty Boaz hath espous'd Ruth
 To be his wife ! And let the city's joy
 For three days shew itself in feasts and songs !

BRIDAL SONG.

(Solo—Air.)

Haste ! weave fresh crowns of budding flow'rs,
 To bind their bridal hair !
 With garlands deck the fragrant bow'rs,
 Your brilliant lamps prepare.

MAIDENS.

Our sister is mild as the Moon
 When she moves all alone in the sky ;
 Yet her beauty is bright as the noon,
 When the Sun reigns in glory on high.

Her voice, as soft music, is sweet—
 Her cheek wears the glow of the morn—
 And graceful and light are her feet,
 As the tread of the roc in the corn.

YOUTHS.

More rich than her beauty, though fair as the East,
 Is the treasure she wins, in the love of our Chief—
 For his bounty, like springs from the mountains releas'd,
 O'er the valley spreads plenty and scatters relief :
 His smile, like the beam on the waters at night,
 Shews the stream of affection still flowing and bright,
 To gladden life's desert when shrouded in gloom,
 And draw from its flowers a sweeter perfume.

YOUTHS and MAIDENS. (*Chorus.*)

May her beauty still grow near that fount in his heart,
 Till the stream and its flowers together depart.

(*Air.*)

True hearts in love united,
 Life's purest joys shall know ;
 Their path, by Heaven lighted,
 Through scenes of peace shall go :
 Their thoughts and wishes blending,
 Yield pleasures never ending,
 And their hopes from earth ascending,
 To heav'nly raptures grow.

(*Sestet.*)

Love is strong as death—
O'er every heart it reigns—
Life is a wasting breath—
Love spurns all mortal chains—
Its joys no treasur'd wealth can buy—
Of earthly bliss the crown—
The fires of passion quickly die—
Love—not floods can drown—
It smiles at death, exults to rise,
And reigns immortal in the skies !

(*Full Chorus.*)

Now glorify the God of Israel !
Shall gladness be within our hearts,
And He not own'd the Giver ?
His love is over all !
Join, every tongue, to sound His praise to Heav'n,
For all the earth by Him alone is blessed !
He will exalt His Holy Name, and raise
A seed to make His glory known in all
The world, through generations yet unborn.
Glory and praise belong unto the Lord,
Now and for evermore ! Amen !

THE FALL OF BABYLON;

A SACRED MUSICAL DRAMA.

THIS Poem was written in the summer of the year 1834, expressly for the use of the late Sir Henry R. Bishop, who communicated to the author his approbation of it, and his intention to avail himself of it as the Libretto of an Oratorio, the composition of which he was then contemplating. Various obstacles arising at the time, to suspend and finally prevent the execution of this purpose, the manuscript was some years afterwards employed by another person, with the author's permission, to supply the matter for the Libretto in *German*, to which Spohr composed the Music. Spohr's Oratorio, of the same title, was performed for the first time at Norwich in the autumn of 1842. In forming the *English* version used on that occasion, the author of this volume took no part : it was entirely the production of a different hand.

CHARACTERS.

Jews.

DANIEL.	JEWISH MOTHER.
LEVITES.	FIRST WOMAN.
JEWISH FATHER.	OTHER WOMEN.

CHORUS OF JEWS.

Babylonians.

BELSHAZZAR, <i>King of Babylon.</i>	SINGING MEN.
NICOTRIS, <i>the Queen-Mother.</i>	SINGING WOMEN.
BABYLONIAN PRINCESS.	CHORUS OF BABYLONIANS.
CHALDEAN SOOTHSAYER.	CHORUS OF BABYLONIAN SOLDIERS.

Persians.

CYRUS, *King of the Medes and Persians.*
GOBRYAS, *his principal Officer.*
CHORUS OF PERSIAN SOLDIERS.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

PART I.

SCENE I.—*The Banks of the Euphrates, near Babylon.—A large multitude of Israelites engaged in deploring the captivity of their nation.*

LAMENTATION OF THE ISRAELITES.

MEN.

(*Semichorus.*)

How spreads the cloud o'er Israel's form,
Beneath Jehovah's frown !
From heaven to earth the angry storm
Hath cast his glory down !
Jerusalem—His chief delight,
The Lord hath trodden low ;
Her sabbaths—feasts—forgotten quite,
Her children sunk in woe !

FIRST WOMAN.

(*Air.*)

Captive sisters ! join the song,
Wailing o'er our Zion's fate !
All her woes to us belong—
Mourn our city desolate !
Gone her beauty—low her pride—
None to grace her widowed side !

OTHER WOMEN. (*Trio or Quartet.*)

Lonely is her home, and drear—
 Torn her crown beside her lies ;
 Friend or lover comes not near—
 All that see her, mock her sighs !
 Peace nor comfort can she know ;
 Friends are false, and stern her foe !

MEN and WOMEN. (*Chorus.*)

Behold our troubles, Lord, our God !
 From bondage set us free ;
 At home is death—the sword abroad—
 Our refuge is in Thee !

[*As the Israelites retire, Daniel enters absorbed in meditation.*]

DANIEL. (*Recitative.*)

Familiar to mine ear are those deep sounds
 Of woe ! My nation's anguish penetrates
 My soul, and feeds upon my age's strength.
 Though from my home in tender youth exiled,
 Though power and fame have grown upon my years,
 Ne'er from my heart hath fled the thought, the love
 Of thee, Jerusalem, the city of my God :
 While thou 'rt enslaved and sad, Chaldea's wealth,
 Her honours, praises, heap'd upon my name,
 I hold as splendid degradation :—
 For thee, my Zion, thee alone, I live !

Why are the sons of Israel slaves ? Why serve
 The stranger and the heathen, from their land,
 Their God, cast out—His temple ruin'd,

And His shrine profaned?—Their God they honour'd
not ;

Their land defiled ! And now, Jehovah's ire
Pursues their wickedness, and wastes their bones.

(*Air.*)

How long the cloud hath hung upon their path !
Oh, might repentance come, to bow them down
In dust, and turn their hearts to God, yet—yet
Might glory spring, and peace, in Zion's walls !

[*The Israelites approach Daniel.*]

ISRAELITES.

(*Chorus.*)

The lion from his lair hath sprung,
To roam our pleasant paths among,
And desolate our land !
The Lord in anger hides His face,
In whirlwinds smites our fallen race,—
Oh, who can bear His hand !

DANIEL, *in vision.*

(*Air.*)

I'm not deceived ! 'Tis Heav'n that speaks !
My prayers are heard—my hopes are fill'd :
A light o'er Judah's mountains breaks,
And every sound of woe is still'd !
Salvation comes—they burst the chain—
And Zion's songs are heard again !

LEVITES.

(*Quartet and Chorus.*)

By the rivers of Babel we sit down to weep,
While our harps on the willows in solitude sleep ;
For we think on lone Zion, our home and our pride,
And the music of mirth would our sorrows deride.

With the scoffs of oppression, they ask us for glee,
For the songs of our country we chanted while free—
But unfit are the triumphs of Zion for slaves,
And they ne'er shall be heard o'er our liberties' graves!

Shall we sing the Lord's song in the strangers' rude land!
Let the cunning of music be lost to our hand,
Let the voice of our singing for ever be dumb,
If we wake it to joy, till deliverance come.

Oh Zion, sweet Zion, belov'd, though forlorn!
Though the impious enslave thee, and laugh thee to
scorn,

Where'er our dark lot o'er the earth may be cast,
The remembrance of thee shall depart from us last.

Cruel Daughter of Babylon, proud in thy might!
Rejoice in thy day—but there cometh a night,
When the foot of the spoiler shall trample thee low,
And requite thee in wrath for Jerusalem's woe!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Camp of the Persian Army.—Cyrus, having received
a communication from Daniel, is meditating on its import.*

CYRUS. (*Recitative.*)

Jehovah's mandate can I disobey,
Which by His Prophet to mine ear is brought!
'Tis He, that by His power hath all things made;
That stretcheth forth the heavens, alone;
And spreadeth out the earth; and reigneth sole.
To desolate Jerusalem He saith,
"Be glad! thou soon shalt be inhabited;"

To Judah's cities, "Straight shall ye be built ;"
 And to the deep, "Be dry !"—He hath declared,
 "Cyrus, my Shepherd, my anointed, is ;
 Though me thou hast not known, thee will I guide,
 All these my purposes to execute :
 And all the earth shall know, that I am God."

(*Air.*)

Great Spirit ! to Thy will I bow !

Thy dread command hath fired my soul ;
 Nor aught shall change my purpose now,
 Till from his throne the tyrant roll !

O'er Babylon my conquering sword,
 Like Heaven's consuming fire, shall glide ;
 And Zion, where Thy name's adored,
 For ever in her God confide.

GOBRYAS, *entering.* (*Recitative.*)

The haughty city boasts her might,
 Invincible in fiercest fight ;
 And calls herself "The NATIONS' QUEEN,
 Whose beauty ne'er a cloud hath seen ;
 Her destiny, eternal fame—
 O'er all the earth, the highest name !"

CYRUS and GOBRYAS. (*Duet.*)

But she forgets the latter time,
 Now ripe with vengeance for her crime ;
 She thinks not of the uplifted blow,
 Which soon shall strike her glory low :
 When Persia's arms have o'er her passed,
 The boastful Queen hath breathed her last !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Habitation of a Jewish Family.*

MOTHER, *watching her child asleep.* (Air.)

Dear child of bondage, nursed in sorrow !

In tears thy mother watcheth o'er thee—

An hour of peace from slumber borrow,

For years of anguish are before thee !

Yes ! sleep my child !—'tis thine to sleep :

Thy mother's eyes their watch must keep.

Thy mouth what cherub smiles are wreathing,

As if some blissful vision caught thee,

And, Zion's air of freedom breathing,

Thou knew'st the joys its breezes brought thee !

Thou seest, my babe, our fathers' home,

Where ne'er their children's feet may roam.

That land, with milk and honey flowing—

Each spot Jehovah's bounty telling—

Her groves, her plains, with beauty glowing—

Her hills, the ancient cedars' dwelling—

Oh, seest thou it, my babe, in sleep ?

Then slumber on—nor wake, to weep !

May Zion's guardian God protect thee,

To view her light and strength returning ;

And to that long-lost home direct thee,

Where thou shalt know nor bonds nor mourning !

Lord ! let my child before Thee stand,

A free-man, in his fathers' land !

FATHER, *entering.* (*Recitative.*)

Joy ! joy to her I bring, who shares my woes !
The day is come—the hour's at hand—is here !
In vision hath our holy Prophet seen
The long-delayed redemption of our race
At length fulfill'd. Deliverance comes with speed.
Even now the arm is rais'd, to burst our chains.

MOTHER.

Oh, happy sounds ! and happier, from thy tongue !
Now shall our people rise—shake off the dust
By tyrants cast upon their head—and stand erect,
Fearless and free, as fits the servants
Of the living God.—And thou shalt lead our boy,
To mark the scenes, where Zion's saints were wont
To dwell, and sanctify the Lord with praise.
And we shall train his youth to piety,
And faith, and godly fear ; and teach his soul
To lean for ever on the Eternal Rock,
Which hath our people's refuge been in all
Their straits—our's, and our fathers' God !

FATHER and MOTHER. (*Duet.*)

No more let Zion say,
“The Lord hath me forgot !”
His wrath is passed away—
And peace shall bless thy lot !

Say ! can a mother's heart
Her tender babe forsake ?
And let that love depart,
Its smiles at first did wake ?

A mother's love *may* fail—
But not His love for thee !
Then, Zion, cease thy wail—
He comes to set thee free !

SCENE IV.—*The Persian Camp.*

CHORUS OF PERSIAN SOLDIERS.

When our banner was raised on the mountain,
And we rush'd, like the blast, to the plain ;
We thought not, that Babylon's fountain
So soon should requite all our pain :
But now she is our's, if we quail not !
Then think, brothers, think, what a name
At home will be our's if we fail not—
For Cyrus still leads us to fame !

SCENE V.—*The Banks of the Euphrates between the Camp and the City ; Babylon in the distance.*

CYRUS. (Recitative.)

As in the hills resounds the stormy noise
Of multitudes, so mustering shout my host,
Impatient for the fight. Woe to the weak,
When drops the bridle on their fiery neck !

Doom'd city ! mighty in thy place—and beautiful
As great ! Thy walls, astonish'd I behold,
Rear'd unto heav'n, impenetrably vast—
Thy hundred gates of brass, thy far-spread boast—
Thy zone of waters deep and wide—nor least,
Euphrates rolling through the midst, where groves,
And tow'rs, and palaces, on either side,
In gorgeous beauty vie ! At hostile threats
And human force, well may'st thou laugh secure !

The time is short, nor yet my task begun !
Did not the heavenly word declare, "The streams
Of mighty rivers shall be dried before
Thy face"—Such was the sign ; and it shall be
Obey'd ! These waters must be taught to find
A course far distant from the city's heart ;
And then, their channels dry a path will shew
Beneath the walls, for hosts to pass at night,
And, while the city revels, strike the sudden blow—
And this, her glory, shall her weakness prove.

(*Air.*)

A sword of flame shall lay thee low,
Nor shalt thou see who deals the blow !
Swift as the flash that cleaves the pine,
Shall ruin rush o'er thee and thine !

Roll on in might, thou stream of pride !
Ere long to mourn thy wasted tide :
Thy lowest depths shall be my path,
To execute Jehovah's wrath.

SCENE VI.—*The Plain near the City, as in the First Scene.*

ASSEMBLY OF THE JEWS.

ISRAELITES. (*Hymn and Chorus.*)

In trouble, Lord, we cry to Thee !
For Thou hast power, alone,
To raise the weak, the oppress'd to free,
And ease the prisoner's groan.

Low in the pit of death we mourn—
Thy face is hidden still !
Oh let its healing smile return,
And lead us to Thy hill !

(*Chorus.*)

The heavens shall praise Thy wonders, Lord !
The earth shall fear Thy name ;
While thousand tongues to joy restored,
Thy faithfulness proclaim.

DANIEL. (*Air.*)

The day is near—the wrathful day !
The Avenger hastens on his way—
And kings and nations from the north,
Like roaring seas, are pouring forth.

The Lord hath stirr'd their spirit up ;
And thou, doom'd Queen, shalt drain the cup
Of fury from their burning hand,
And cease to vex the groaning land !

Then howl ye ! for your day is near—
 The bow is bent, and raised the spear :
 The pow'r that smote proud Ashur's might,
 Shall cruel Babylon requite !

WOMEN. *(Semichorus.)*

Loud proclaim the great salvation,
 God for Israel hath prepared !
 Once again His chosen nation
 Hath His kind compassion shared !
 Hopeless gloom was hanging o'er us—
 Peace and joy afar were fled ;
 But redemption beams before us,
 And to life recalls the dead.

Lord ! Thou hast remembered Zion !
 O'er her champion spread Thy hand—
 Then before the mighty lion
 Gates of brass in vain shall stand !

MAN and WOMAN. *(Duet.)*

In that day thou shalt say : Oh Lord, I will praise Thee !
 Though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned
 away,
 And Thou comfortedst me.

(Chorus.)

Behold ! God is our salvation !
 We will trust, and not be afraid !
 For the Lord Jehovah is our strength and our song :
 The tongues of babes shall be taught His name,
 To glorify their fathers' God,
 The Redeemer of Israel, the King of all the earth.

DANIEL and PRIEST. (*Duet.*)

The flocks of Judah shall no longer stray
In thirsty lands, their Shepherd far away :
He comes, to guide them to their peaceful home,
To guarded pastures, where no wolf shall roam :
In plenty shall they feed, in safety lie,
Beneath the shelter of His wakeful eye !

(Grand Chorus, of the Whole Assembly.)

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem !
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel !
He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their
wounds !
Great is the Lord, and of great power ; His understanding
is infinite !

The Lord lifteth up the meek !
He casteth the wicked down to the ground !
Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving !
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God !

The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him,
In those that hope in His mercy.
Praise the Lord, oh Jerusalem ! Praise thy God,
oh Zion !

Praise ye the Lord !

PART II.

SCENE I.—*On the Walls of Babylon.—Distant Music, intimating the march and approach of the Persian Army.*

CHORUS OF BABYLONIAN SOLDIERS
(in derision of the enemy).

The bird may rejoice in his flight,
Till the net of the fowler is spread ;
The lion exult in his might,
Till the pitfall gives way to his tread :
The foe may triumphantly boast,
For he dreams not where sepulchres yawn ;
But terror shall scatter his host,
When the sword of Belshazzar is drawn !—
Then laugh at the Mede,
The Persian, and all !
Like the storm-stricken reed,
Shall their multitudes fall,
When the standard of Bel is unfurl'd ;
When the fire
Of his ire
Shall flash through the world,
And the standard of Bel is unfurl'd !

SCENE II.—*The Banquet-Hall of the Palace—Instrumental Music—Approach of Belshazzar and his Court to the Feast.*

BABYLONIANS. (*Song and Chorus.*)

The Monarch comes in glory,
Our festival to grace ;
And nobles famed in story,
Are awed before his face !

(*Chorus.*)

Hail ! hail him with the trumpet's thrilling sound,
Till heav'n re-echoes, and till quakes the ground !

(*Air.*)

He comes, the nation's treasure !
With might and honour crown'd,
To feast our souls with pleasure,
And scatter joys around !

(*Chorus.*)

Hail ! hail him with the trumpet, hautboy, flute ;
And shout his welcome till no tongue is mute !

BELSHAZZAR, *entering.* (*Recitative.*)

Your king is pleased, and gives you welcome back.
We come to teach you all to worship joy !
Hail to the high and beauteous of our court,
Whose splendid crowds engage our wond'ring eye !
The sway of beauty is our pride—and rich
We prize the treasure of our nobles' strength.

Quick let the rites begin—each heart be glad,
While loud and far the festive music swells,
Or, with soft cadences, dissolves our souls.

Let pleasure be the task of all!—Forget
 The Persian and his haughty boast—The morn
 Will give us leisure to retort his threats!

Festive Music commences ; which is interrupted by the

SOLEMN HYMN OF THE JEWS

(heard at a distance).

(Air.)

Arm of the Lord ! awake, awake !
 Beneath whose touch the mountains quake !
 Shall idols vain Thy glory share ?
 Shall gods of earth with Thee compare ?

Who trust in Thee shall never droop—
 But Bel shall bow, and Nebo stoop ;
 Like fading mists their pomp shall die,
 Before the terrors of Thine eye.

Lord ! let Thy awful glories shine,
 As when they blazed o'er Egypt's host ;
 Till impious hands their prey resign,
 And Zion hails her children lost !

BELSHAZZAR.

(Recitative.)

Detested slaves ! and insolent as base—
 Who thus with frantic zeal and stubborn pride,
 Dare to provoke the ire, which with a word
 Can crush them into dust ! Hath not their God
 Forsaken them, and left them in my hand,
 A helpless prey ? Let but the morrow shine—
 But 'tis not fit the royal breast should thus
 By worms be chafed !—

Free let the revels flow !
And, that our joys be full, be hither brought
The golden vessels, taken in the Temple's spoil
By our victorious sire, when Jewry's strength
Before him sank, and Bel in Zion reign'd.
Their *holy* vessels we shall holier make,
And drink in them to Bel and Nebo's fame !

NICOTRIS. *(Duet.)*

Oh, let not anger tempt my son,
This impious feat to dare !

BELSHAZZAR.

Shall not Belshazzar's word be done,
Though thousands cry, "Beware" ?

NICOTRIS.

Jehovah's ire thy father felt—
Repeat not thou his deed—
Among the senseless beasts he dwelt,
Doom'd like an ox to feed !

BELSHAZZAR.

Such tales but ill befit the hour,
We give to pleasure here ;
As little do we own the power,
Which thou would'st have us fear !

NICOTRIS.

Oh, let not anger tempt my son,
This impious feat to dare !

BELSHAZZAR.

Shall not Belshazzar's word be done,
Though thousands cry, "Beware" ?

[The Sacred Vessels of the Temple are introduced.]

FESTIVE SONG AND CHORUS OF BABYLONIANS.*

MEN.

(Air.)

As long as Bel shall rule the day,
 And feed the heavens with flame,
 And light and life, his gifts, convey
 To lands of every name ;
 His brightest beam
 And richest stream
 Shall Babylon embrace ;
 And here the God
 Exalt his rod,
 And make his dwelling-place.

WOMEN.

(Air.)

As long as Nebo's paler fire
 Shall rule her subject, night,
 And mortal eyes her hosts admire,
 As living diamonds, bright ;
 Shall pleasure here
 To all be dear,
 And smiles our city deck—
 Her beauty's glow
 No taint shall know,
 Nor stoop her lofty neck.

* In the midst of the obscurity in which everything pertaining to the Mythology of the Ancient Babylonians appears to be involved, the author has been glad to follow the glimmering light of that conjectural criticism, which supposes Bel to represent the Sun, and Nebo the Moon.

(*Semichorus.*)

Let revelry
Be full and free,
Nor fear, nor sorrow known ;
Our prayer be this,—
May pow'r and bliss
Surround Belshazzar's throne !

(*Chorus.*)

Oh King, live for ever !
For ever stand thy throne !
And let thine enemies
Be consumed before thee !

Instrumental Music intimating that

THE HAND APPEARS WRITING ON THE WALL.

BELSHAZZAR.

(*Recitative.*)

What fearful prodigy is this I see !
A flame more vivid than the lightning's flash,
Resting before me 'gainst the palace-wall ;
Amidst the wreath of dazzling, blinding glare,
The fingers of a human hand appear,
Tracing in fiery signs, portentous words
Of tongue unknown !—My heart in terror sinks ;
My joints are loosed : a strange disorder runs
O'er all my frame !—The horrid phantom haunts
Me still !—Let my Chaldeans hither come,
Astrologers, magicians, soothsayers,
And all, expert in secret arts ! The man
That reads these emblems, and interprets them,
In scarlet shall be clothed, with chain of gold,
And rule the third in all this mighty realm.

CHALDEAN SOOTHSAYER. (*Recitative.*)

Did our Lord the King command his slaves
To read the language of the mystic fires
That rise around our God, the task were ours :
To shew the awful portents of the skies,
To trace the hidden truth by flight of birds
Or sound of sacred groves, were easy to our skill.
But not for *this* Chaldea's lore is wise—
This blazing terror no sure token shews,
Which art or wisdom, less than Bel's, can read.

Perchance the God, thy sire, approaches thus,
To grace in flaming majesty thy feast,
And hurl destruction on thy haughty foes.

BELSHAZZAR. (*Air.*)

Deceivers, traitors are ye all,
And swift shall be your shameful doom !
Alas, Bel's power is gone ! for see,
The fires around his image die,
And leave the God himself in gloom !
This is an omen big with fate
To some high dynasty !—Why not
To *me* ?—My heart receives it so !—

Is there no wisdom 'mongst you all
Who laud me in my hour of joy,
To ease my tortured brain, and speak
Sweet peace in this my hour of woe ?

NICOTRIS. (*Recitative.*)

Oh King, for ever live, and glorious be thy fame !
Let not my Son with troubled thoughts be moved ;
Nor let his countenance be changed ! Sweet peace

Be thine !—A man there is within thy court,
In whom the spirit of the holy Gods
Resides,—whose days in fasts and prayers are spent :
Him had thy father raised to be the chief
Of all the wise men who interpret dreams,
And shew the meaning of all secret things.
Let Daniel come, and he will read the sign !

BELSHAZZAR. *(Recitative.)*

Oh Mother-Queen ! reviving are thy words,
As sight of springs to hunted panther's eye :—
Let Daniel come, that he may read the sign !

BELSHAZZAR and NICOTRIS. *(Duet.)*

Let Daniel come, and he will read the sign !

[Daniel is introduced.]

BELSHAZZAR. *(Recitative.)*

Art thou that Daniel of the captive tribe ?
I've heard, in thee the heav'nly wisdom dwells !
Behold those flashing omens on the wall—
Oh read them to the King—and richest gifts
Will he bestow on thee, and power, and fame,
Above the proudest nobles of the land !—

DANIEL. *(Recitative.)*

Thy gifts be to thyself, and thy rewards
Let others take ! God's will, unbribed I speak !—
Oh king Belshazzar ! thou with harden'd heart,
Against the Lord has lifted up thyself,—
The Lord, who to thy father glory gave,
And majesty, and power ;—but when his pride

Grew high, He brought him low, with brutes to herd—
His body with the dew of heaven was wet.

And thou, his son, hast not remember'd this,
Nor giv'n to God Most High the honour due ;
But lifeless idols thou hast glorified,—
In impious riot hast his vessels used,
And Him defied, whose hand supports thy lif
The Lord of Heav'n, the only living God !

BELSHAZZAR. *(Recitative.)*

Bold Prophet, see ! the hand is gone !—and fix'd
Upon the wall, what blazing words remain ?
Haste ! read the sign, and half my empire's thine !

DANIEL. *(Recitative.)*

List, oh King ! and I their meaning will declare.
These are the awful words—"MENE—MENE—
TEKEL—UPHARSIN ;" their fatal import this—
Thy reign is *number'd*—God hath finish'd it :
Weigh'd in the balance, thou art *wanting* found :
Thy kingdom's *gone*, by Medes and Persians *shared*.

SCENE III.—*A Street in Babylon at Midnight, filled with Persian Soldiers, who have gained possession of the City, and put the greater part of the Inhabitants to the sword.*

CHORUS OF PERSIAN SOLDIERS.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! the spoil is won !
Rejoice ! the task of years is done !
Red vengeance now is flush'd with joy,
And havoc labours to destroy ;
Rejoice—rejoice—rejoice !

Our spears they are dripping—
Our swords they are red ;
And, the plague-blast outstripping,
We sweep o'er the dead !
Rejoice—rejoice !

[*Cyrus enters in haste, as if from the Banquet-Hall.*

CYRUS.

(*Air.*)

Let fury die ; let carnage cease !
The end of conquest should be peace ;
And valour loves to stay the strife,
When humbled foemen sue for life.
The thirsty sword has drunk his fill,
Where thousands lie clay-cold and still :
The tyrant from his mirth has pass'd,
To sink in blood, and sleep his last !
Brave chiefs ! your former deeds outdone,
Your fame shall travel with the sun :
'Tis virtue that true courage lends,
And still the Gods protect their friends !

SCENE IV.—*The Banquet-Hall in desolation.*

BABYLONIAN PRINCESS. (*Air—Lament.*)

Now many are weeping
O'er ruin and death,
Whose hopes are all blighted,
Like the sun-smitten heath !

The lord of my bosom
Lies cold on the ground,

Where the blood of my children
 Is streaming around !
 Bereft of my loved ones,
 No comfort remains—
 But the scorn of the stranger,
 Distraction, and chains !

ISRAELITES.

(Semichorus.)

How is the proud oppressor gone !
 His sceptre broke, his pageant flown—
 The scourge of nations overthrown !
 The worm thy cov'ring is, and bed—
 And from their graves arise the dead,
 To mock thee, tyrant, once their dread.
 In glory lies each mighty king—
 No tomb shall thee to honour bring,
 Cast out and trodden as a curséd thing !

(Chorus.)

How art thou fallen from heaven,
 Oh Lucifer, son of the morning !
 How art thou brought down to the ground,
 Who didst weaken the nations !

SCENE V. AND LAST.—*The Grand Area before the Palace—
 Early Morning.*

DANIEL.

(Air.)

Now freedom, o'er the wasted land
 Returns to pour its wealth,
 With vigour nerves each drooping hand,
 And gives the fainting health !

But think not, peace or liberty
With Zion can reside ;
Unless your hearts on God rely,
And make His law their guide !

In Him be free ! In Him be bless'd !
He leads the wanderers home :
Forget not Him who gives you rest—
Serve Him in years to come !

JEWISH WOMAN. (*Recitative.*)

The Lord hath mercy shewn to Jacob's race ;
And Israel hath He chosen ;—to give them rest.
In their own land will He establish them !

(*Air.*)

The wilderness soon shall be glad,
The solitudes break into mirth ;
And the desert with blossoms be clad,
As when roses rejoice in their birth !

And there shall a high-way be spread,
For the ransom'd of God to return,
With the garland of joy on their head,
No more for their Zion to mourn !

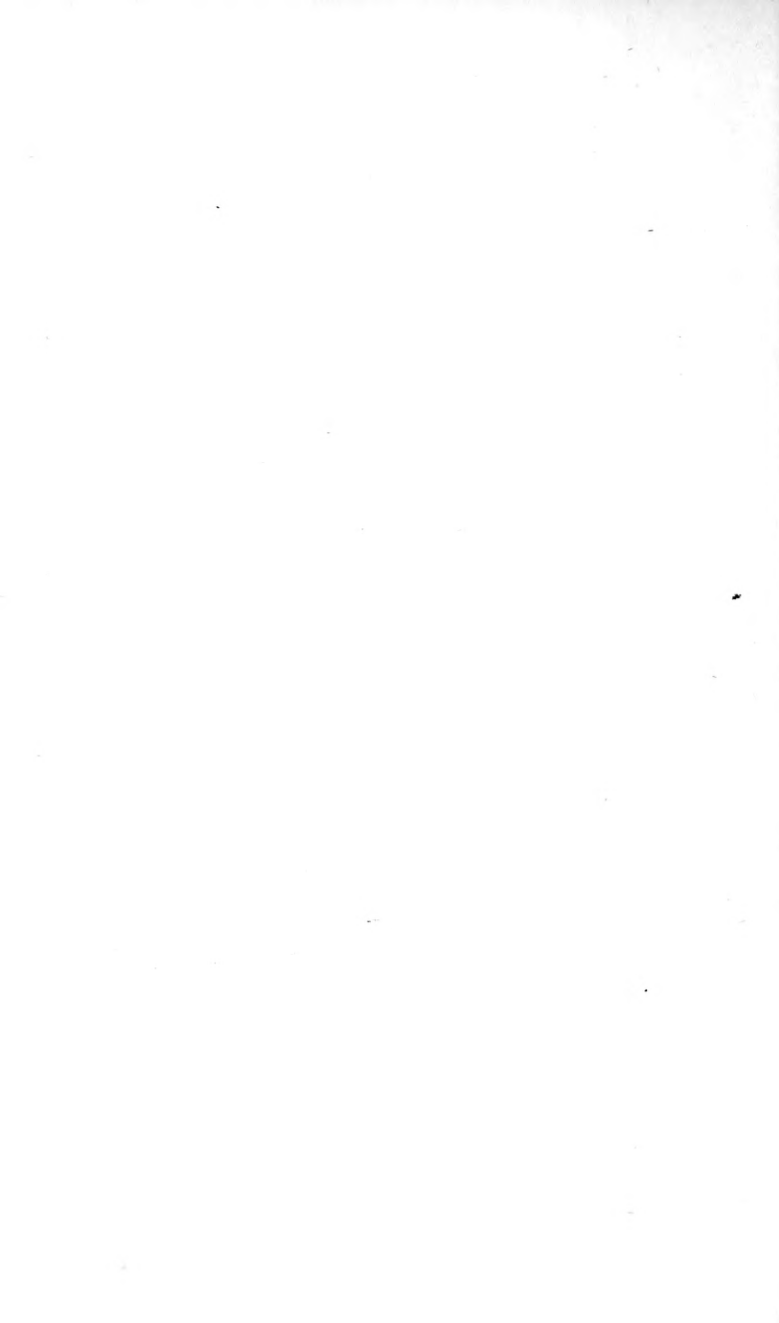
ISRAELITES. (*Semichorus.*)

Jehovah bless ! His works proclaim !
And spread the honours of His name !
Aloud for joy let Zion sing—
For great and glorious is her King !

Her King o'er all the earth is Lord—
Let all the earth His praise record !
Let nations triumph in the song,
For thanks and praise to God belong !

(Grand Final Chorus.)

Shout unto God ; unto Jehovah, our God !
Oh clap your hands, all ye people ;
Shout unto Him with the voice of triumph !—
Sing praises to God ! Sing praises !—
Sing praises to our glorious King—
Sing praises !—
Who hath wrought for us deliverance !
Sing praises !
For God is one—
The King over all the earth—
Blessed for evermore !
Hallelujah !—Amen !



SAUL AT ENDOR;

A SCENE FOR MUSIC.

IN the conduct of this Scene, the author has followed that interpretation of the Scriptural account of the interview of Saul with the pretender to necromancy at Endor, which represents the apparition of the *real* Samuel as produced by Divine interposition, to punish the rebellious pride and sacrilegious apostasy of the King of Israel. This hypothesis, which regards the manifestation of the Prophet as a miracle wrought by Heaven, instead of a deception accomplished by human art, presents the most consistent explanation of the Witch's conduct and language, and removes most of the difficulties which attend upon all the other views of the transaction, with which the writer is acquainted.

SAUL AT ENDOR.

SCENE—*The Cave of the Witch at Midnight.*

WITCH.

What footsteps echo through my cave?
Come they my secret aid to crave—
Or come they here in quest of blood,
To swell with mine the reeking flood
Which drenches the surrounding plains,
Drain'd from the murder'd wizards' veins?

A muffled form is drawing near,
Stately and slow, to greet me here:
Unused to charnel-vaults like these,
His step is changed, and sink his knees.—
Dark Stranger! speak thy name—and then,
What brings thee to this horrid den?

SAUL.

My name concerns not thee to know—
But haste, thy potent spells to shew!
Thou know'st the words that stir the dead;
I come to call one from his bed.

WITCH.

Ha ! Know'st thou not what Saul hath done ?
He slays the Wizards one by one :
Thousands have fall'n beneath his hand—
And those that live, have fled the land.
Thou art come, my wretched life to snare !

SAUL.

Dispel thy terrors, hag ! I swear,
No harm shall reach thy life from me !
Call up the name I'll name to thee.

WITCH.

What sleeper shall I wake, to speak ?

SAUL.

The seër Samuel—him I seek !

[*Wild music announces the instantaneous apparition of Samuel.*

WITCH, *falling to the ground in consternation.*

What radiant Spectre blasts my eyes,
That comes *before* I bid him rise ?
No magic word my tongue express'd—
Nor spell of mine hath broke his rest !
But why hast thou deceived me, Saul ?
I know the hand that dooms my fall.

SAUL, *afraid to raise his eyes to look on the apparition.*

Fear not thy king !—What see'st thou there ?

WITCH.

The earth sends upwards to the air
Shapes of the ages past !—And now
One stays, with anger on his brow !

SAUL.

What form is his?—I chill with dread
In presence of the awful dead !

WITCH.

An agéd man, the last that came !—
A Prophet's mantle wraps his frame.

SAUL.

Ev'n thus in life the Prophet look'd,
In age, in dress, the same,
When he denounced my name,
And stern my rebel pride rebuked !
His words of fire have scorch'd my heart !
A smouldering ruin is all
Remains of mighty Saul—
His glory and his strength depart !
The Prophet sought his King no more !
Yet for my sins he wept,
Ere with the saints he slept—
Oh, will he say, "the curse is o'er" ?

SAMUEL.

Why hast thou my quiet broke,
In guilty fear ?
Why my spirit's wrath provoke,
To bring me here ?

SAUL.

Oh Samuel ! sore distressed I seek thy aid.
The Philistines make war against me, and
My God's departed from my side : no more
He answers me by prophet's hand, or dreams

At night ! For this I've called thee up, that thou
May'st shew my troubled soul what I shall do.

SAMUEL.

Why ask of me, His servant, when thy God
Hath turned from thee His face, and is become
Thine enemy?—

All things foreshew'd by me,
He hath fulfill'd : the kingdom hath He rent
From out thy hand, and unto David given,
Because thou did'st not hearken to His voice ;
And now He gives thee up, with Israel,
Into Philistia's hand.—

To-morrow—thou—
And all thy sons—shall be—with me !
And Israel's host shall be Philistia's spoil !

[*Samuel disappears.*]

WITCH.

This is the hand of God !—a dreadful sign !

SAUL.

It *is* the hand of God ! He points my doom !
To me to-morrow's sun must rise in gloom :—
In *my* defeat why must my *children* fall ?
Disgrace and ruin spare no wreck of Saul !
To-morrow teems with woe to me and mine—
Eternal darkness closes o'er my line !

Thus smites Jehovah's flaming arm the proud in night,
And sinks rebellion's triumphs in the depths of night.

THE ARABS' FESTIVAL;

A SCENE FOR MUSIC.

THE ARABS' FESTIVAL.

CHORUS OF ARABS.

For joyous pastime are we met,
Each to pursue the sport his spirit loves :
None but the slave will yield himself to gloom,
When he can seize an hour to give to mirth.
Let us be free!—This is our festal day,
Which bids us laugh and sing through all its hours.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Give *me* the back of my fiery steed
And the rattling earth beneath his feet,
And I would not change my restless seat—
No! not for the monarch's throne!

Oh! let my path be the desert wide,
And in my hand my barbéd reed—
Am I not King, where'er I ride,
And call each tract my own?

What joy like mine, while I chase the foe,
In cunning pard, or darting roe!
My breast beats high with noble pride—
My gallant steed partakes my glee,

And answers, with his panting side,
To every pulse that throbs through me.
'Tis the rapture of freedom, the triumph of pow'r,
The Hunter shares in that glorious hour—
Oh ! who is so joyous, or who so free ?

YOUTHS' AND MAIDENS' SONG.

We, youths and maidens, love the dance,
In the cool evening air ;
The youths adorn'd with the graceful lance,
The maids with their streaming hair.
While music guides, with varying beat,
The mazy movements of our feet,
Each heart is light,
Each eye is bright,
As through the mimic scene we move :
The youths enact the warrior's part—
The maidens ply each tender art
To win their souls to Love.

THE SWIMMERS' DUET.

The proudest of sports, is, to battle the wave
When it rolls its stormy might on the shore—
To watch it rearing its foamy crest,
Threat'ning to sweep us away in its wrath—
Then to dash through its midst with a buoyant breast,
And float in majestic ease beyond—
To feel the angry monster beneath
Rolling, and writhing, and lashing, in vain,
While we play with its rage and its agony—

To glide o'er the verge of the yawning abyss,
And lie unharm'd in its deepest bay—
And, when the moving mountains come
To whelm us with their closing mass,
To spring aloft with the arrow's speed,
And, laughing, ride above their head—
Oh ! give *us* the Sea, in calm or storm,
And the Swimmers' art is an endless joy !

CONCLUDING CHORUS.

Care is a scorpion in the breast !—But we
Will keep the venom out with dance and song—
And toil wears out the strongest arm,
Without the balm of play and rest.
Our toils and cares the morrow may renew—
But we will taste our pleasures while we can !
The elders may in tales and proverbs find
Their fitting pastime here in peace at home—
But we, our bolder, wilder joys, abroad
Must seek !—Away ! to our sports !—away !

SONGS OF LIBERTY;

WRITTEN DURING THE POPULAR AGITATION FOR "THE REFORM
BILL," CONDUCTED THROUGH THE ORGANIZATION OF
THE "POLITICAL UNIONS."

SONGS OF LIBERTY.

As a full quarter of a century has elapsed since the period to which this division of his volume has special reference, and as a new generation has risen up, to whom the struggles of their fathers in aid of the "Reform Bill" may not be as familiar as they ought to be, the Author hopes to be pardoned by his Readers, for transferring to his pages (as an appropriate introduction to his Songs of Liberty) the following record of one of the meetings of the Birmingham Reformers, caused by Earl Grey's sudden recall to office, extracted from the "SPECTATOR" of Saturday, May 19th, 1832.

"Amongst all the meetings that have taken place from first to last, those of *Birmingham* stand out in proud and unrivalled eminence. The last which we have to record, was that which took place on Wednesday (at Newhall Hill), and which was called together by the joyful tidings, conveyed by Mr. Parkes and his honourable co-adjutors, who formed the first deputation to London, that EARL GREY's recall had been determined on. 'There was never witnessed,' say the accounts, 'on any previous occasion so universal or extravagant a display of enthusiasm. We saw many floods of tears—tears of joy—and the heartiest interchange of gratulation. The state of the town at nine o'clock was most important; each person early in possession of the cause of public rejoicing, was busy in imparting the grateful news. Printed placards instantly appeared, calling on the people to meet and rally round the standard of the Premier. To the honour of the town, the first move of num-

bers was to Harbourne, the residence of Mr. THOMAS ATTWOOD, three miles from Birmingham. Immediately near his house and on the roads adjacent, great masses of people were in motion. At ten o'clock, a large procession of music and banners proceeded from his house, Mr. Attwood riding in a carriage drawn by four horses (sent for him from Birmingham), attended on his right in the carriage by Mr. Joseph Parkes, on his left by Mr. Boulton, and by several other of his personal friends, and his sons in the carriage and dickey. As the procession came within a mile of Birmingham, upwards of 50,000 inhabitants met them with a forest of banners and the bands of the (Political) Union.'

"There is one feature in this meeting, which is more worthy of recording, than either its numbers or its speeches, and to which no parallel is to be found in our history—no, not even in the religious, but fanatical and fierce times of the Commonwealth and of the Covenanters. When the vast multitude had assembled at Newhall Hill, Mr. Attwood said—'My dear friends, I feel so much gratitude to Almighty God, for the escape which the nation has had from a most tremendous revolution, that I cannot help wishing, that our reverend friend near me would publicly return thanks to our merciful and beneficent Creator, for the success of our righteous cause.'

"No sooner was this intimation made by the Chairman, than all hats were taken off; a solemn silence pervaded the immense assembly; and the Reverend HUGH HUTTON, standing forward, offered up the following fervent petition to Him by whom kings rule and princes decree judgment—

"O Lord God Almighty, who orderest the affairs of all men, behold thy people before Thee with grateful and rejoicing hearts, looking up to Thee as the Author of every blessing. We thank Thee for the great deliverance Thou hast wrought out for us, and the great and bloodless victory which Thou hast conferred. We thank Thee, the God of all blessings, for delivering us from the bonds of our oppressors, and the hands of designing and bloody-

minded men. Imbue, we beseech Thee, the hearts of all now assembled, with a spirit of Christian benevolence, so that in the hour of our triumph we may cheerfully forgive all our enemies and oppressors. Grant that we may so use and improve the great privileges Thou hast conferred upon us, that we may secure them to us and our children, for Thy glory, and for the universal benefit of the family of man. Accept, we beseech Thee, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the thanksgivings and petitions of Thy humble creatures ; and to Thy name be ascribed all the glory. May Thy blessing rest on the proceedings of this day, and more especially on him called to preside at this glorious meeting of emancipated and exulting freemen. May the feeling of all hearts be more united in the glorious cause in which we have engaged, and, through Thy blessing, enjoy a more abundant victory.'

"And fifty thousand voices responded 'Amen!'—Gracious God! to think that the destinies of three nations of men such as these, should tremble in the scale, at the bidding of such creatures as the mean-souled lordlings, who have figured before them in the disgraceful intrigues of the last fortnight.

"On Monday (previous), the following declaration had been unanimously agreed to by the Council of the Union :

"We, the undersigned, think it necessary, in this awful crisis of our country's fate, to make known to our fellow-countrymen the alarm and horror, with which we are impressed by the report of the Duke of Wellington's having been placed at the head of his Majesty's Councils. We entertain this alarm and horror on the following grounds—First, the Duke of Wellington's general avowal of arbitrary principles. Second, his speech against all Reform, made only about a year and a half ago. Third, his Protest against the Reform Bill, as entered on the Journals of the House of Lords, on the 17th of April last. Fourth, his reported expressions in the late Parliament, amounting to those of regret that the Irish people

‘would not’ break the law. Fifth, his being a pensioner of foreign despots ; and, as such, exposed to their influence, and unfit to govern a free people. Sixth, his conduct to Marshal Ney, who was murdered by the Bourbon Government, in violation of the Convention of Paris, notwithstanding his appeal to the Duke of Wellington, who had signed that Convention. Seventh, his general support of arbitrary power on the Continent of Europe, and the certainty that his policy, if he be true to his principles, will necessarily involve the nation in unjust and ruinous wars against the liberties of Europe. Eighth, his utter incompetency to govern England by any other means than by the sword, which has never yet been, and never will be, submitted to by the British people. For these and various other reasons, we hereby solemnly declare our fixed determination to use all the means which the constitution and the law have placed at our disposal, to induce his Majesty to reject from his Councils that faction, at the head of which is the Duke of Wellington, who have, by their arbitrary principles, excited the distrust and abhorrence of the whole population of the United Kingdom : and we declare our firm conviction that the public excitement and agitation can never be allayed, until the great Bill of Reform shall be carried into law by that Administration, by whose wisdom and virtue it was first introduced. These are our fixed and unalterable sentiments ; and we hereby appeal to all our fellow-countrymen throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, and we confidently call on them to unite with us, and to sign this our solemn declaration in support of the liberty and the happiness of our country.’

“This document is proposed to be signed by all the Reformers of the kingdom, personally or by proxy. The Chairman calculates, that in a month he will have three millions of signatures. To prevent all doubt and misconception, it was agreed, that before final adoption, it should be submitted to a conveyancer. Probably it may not *now* be thought necessary.”

THE PATRIOT.

WHILE I stand on the land of my birth,
I will stand on it, upright and free ;
Or my body lie cold on the earth,
Ere I bow to oppression my knee.

Here's a hand for the cause that is just—
Here's a heart, that is liberty's throne—
And they both shall be blent with the dust,
Ere liberty's cause I disown !

Shall I crave as a boon, what is mine
By the laws which kind Nature bestow'd ?
Shall I ask a poor worm, at what shrine
I shall bend, in my duty to God ?

No ! My conscience I'll guard from the chains
Forged by despots and priests for their slaves ;
I'll spurn the base hypocrite's gains,
Nor tremble when bigotry raves.

Then welcome, brave hearts that are true !
While in liberty's cause we unite,
Be our numbers, or many, or few,
We will die—as we live—in our right.

“CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY ALL THE
WORLD OVER.”

Go ! Tell us not of Greece or Rome !
We look for freedom nearer home :
Like them, oppression's yoke we'll spurn—
Not act oppressors in our turn :
In British soil we plant the tree
Of Universal Liberty.

To justice and religion true,
We'll guard our rights—our neighbours' too !
Where'er we hear a people groan,
We'll make their wrongs, their cause, our own—
Till kings and nations both shall see,
Their only strength is Liberty.

We claim the human race our kin,
Whatever colour tints the skin ;
Whatever creed their tribes profess,
Whatever tongue may ask redress—
We'll reach to all the hand that's free,
To lift them up to Liberty.

We'll waft this truth on every wave—
“Man ne'er was formed to be a slave !
The heirs of an immortal mind,
For equal freedom were designed”—
Till every land, and every sea,
Resounds the cry of—Liberty !

FEUDAL DESOLATION AND POPULAR
PROGRESS.

Look on that blacken'd pile, whose load
Of cumbrous ruins heaps the earth,
Where dwells 'midst noisome weeds the toad,
And adders nestle in the hearth !
Time was, proud barons revell'd here,
While crouching serfs observ'd their nod—
Whose law was might—and far and near
Was spread the terror of their rod.

And do you grieve, to mark the change ?
To see instead, these tottering walls ?—
Free let your waken'd spirit range,
And learn, how baseless power falls !
On fear and havoc was it built ;
Its towering glories 'rose from pride ;
Deep were its banners stain'd with guilt ;
Its sword, with violence allied.

Pure freedom's spirit found no home,
Where lords had sway, and vassals stoop'd ;
Save where within the dungeon's gloom,
Some patriot's soul in torture droop'd.
Look down into that loathsome vault !
There many a heart of fire has pined ;
Then truth was treason—glorious fault !
'Twas crime, to own an honest mind.

It cheers my soul, to see decay
Bring low the petty tyrant's pride—
To hail the free-born peasant's day,
Whose cot in safety smokes beside!
He fears not now the baron's frown—
He knows his rights—he wears no chains :
The feudal pile is crumbling down—
He sings among its dark remains.

The caste of rank, the pride of birth,
No more shall cheat this happy isle :
A noble's threats but raise our mirth—
And when he boasts, we shew this pile.
Oh! time and truth are wondrous strong!
And knowledge lifts a people high!
But ignorance and crime prolong
Their bondage and their misery.

“BE WARY IN TRIUMPH.”

REJOICE, Reformers, o'er the past,
And ardent strive for what remains!
The cause of freedom ripens fast,
Her teeming fruits enrich our plains.

No sleep, no rest, till all is done!
Our ambush'd foes are plotting yet;
Though many fields our hosts have won,
Our march is still with snares beset.

Let's rally round our country's flag,
With hearts united, hands uprear'd ;
Fear not—but watch ! 'Tis base to lag,
Till foul corruption's den is clear'd.

Once and again, we've struck the blow,
To raise proud Freedom to her throne :
Let's guard her now from overthrow—
Her cause, her triumphs, are our own.

“WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

“WATCHMAN! what of the night?—Watchman! what of
the night?”—

The night has been tedious, and dismal, and cold—
And the sons of oppression came out from their hold,
And prey'd on the people while heedless they slept,
Destroying their birth-right as onward they crept ;
And lulling their victims, to rivet their chains,
Till no vestige of freedom or vigour remains :
O'er the strength of the land they have carried a blight—
This is the news of the night !

“Watchman! what of the dawn?—Watchman! what of
the dawn?”—

The dupes of oppression now writhe in their dreams,
Or the half-waking captive in agony screams ;

But the sleep of indifference soon seals up their eyes,
Save some spirit indignant, that frets till it dies :
And the spoilers have 'trench'd them in castles of pride,
And leagued their base vassals the wrong'd to deride :
On the minions of power the people must fawn—

This is the news of the dawn !

“ Watchman, what of the morn ?—Watchman ! what of
the morn ? ”—

The sun has arisen—the land is awake—
But the hearts of the brave despairingly break ;
For the people, deploring the rights they have lost,
Like waves, in the storms of wild faction are tost ;
Oft wasted and foil'd, they return to the shock—
But the seat of oppression stands firm as the rock :
The cries of a nation meet insult and scorn—

This is the news of the morn !

“ Watchman ! what of the day ?—Watchman ! what of
the day ? ”—

A field of glad omens now opes on my sight—
The foul brood of darkness afar speed their flight—
Round a standard, new-blazon'd, what multitudes
crowd !

And “ *Knowledge is Power*,” each reads there aloud ;
Now in UNION they move, an invincible mass,
And “ *to die—or live free*,” is the watchword they pass :
Before them the outworks of ages give way—

This is the news of the day !

“Watchman ! what of the next ?—Watchman ! what of the next ?”—

A vista of beauty and glory is there—

But the groups in the distance are thin as the air !

I look for the foes of the people in vain—

They are lost from my view—but the PEOPLE remain :

And I see a high throne, strong upheld by the free—

But no pensioners, prelates, or lords, do I see ;

And the despots of Europe rave round them, perplex'd—

Great news shall come out of the next !

SPIRITUAL SONGS

AND

SCRIPTURE MUSINGS.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

GOD IS EVERY-WHERE.

OH! shew me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy voice of praise,
And lo! no form is near;
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?

Oh! teach me who is God, and where His glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above—
The glitt'ring vault admire!
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon, to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?

There view immensity!—behold, my God is there—
The sun, the moon, the stars His majesty declare!

See, where the mountains rise ;
Where thund'ring torrents foam ;
Where, veil'd in louring skies,
The eagle makes his home !
Where savage nature dwells,
My God is present too—
Through all her wildest dells
His footsteps I pursue :

Herear'd those giant cliffs—supplies that dashing stream—
Provides the daily food, which stills the wild bird's scream.

Look on that world of waves,
Where finny nations glide ;
Within whose deep, dark caves,
The ocean monsters hide !
His pow'r is sovereign there,
To raise—to quell the storm ;
The depths His bounty share,
Where sport the scaly swarm :

Tempests and calms obey the same Almighty Voice,
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids the world rejoice.

Nor eye, nor thought can soar,
Where moves not He in might ;
He swells the thunder's roar,
He spreads the wings of night.
Oh, praise the works divine !
Bow down thy soul in pray'r ;
Nor ask for other sign,
That God is every-where—

The viewless Spirit He—immortal, holy, bless'd—
Oh, worship Him in faith, and find eternal rest !

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

As purer shines the midnight star,
When rival lights are gone,
And brighter streams its ray afar
To cheer the gloom, alone ;
So, in the darksome scenes of woe,
When cherish'd joys depart,
Hope beams with clearer, warmer glow
Within the Christian's heart.

The brilliant hues that win our gaze
In fortune's sunny hour,
Obscure the forms the shade displays,
And rob them of their pow'r ;
But, when the landscape turns to gloom,
Those transient beauties fly—
More sober tints their place assume,
To fix the experienc'd eye.

'Tis thus, when dazzling hours of joy
Leave us in sorrow's night,
To prove how death and time destroy
Earth's visions of delight—
Hope points the drooping, darken'd eye
To distant, steady good,
Now bright'ning through the lurid sky,
To gild vicissitude.

Not like the hopes which cling to earth,
Of earthly passions born,
Are those which owe to faith their birth,
And duty's paths adorn :
They bid the soul delighted range
Where sense hath never stray'd,
'Midst scenes that will not yield to change,
And joys that cannot fade.

MAN'S TRUE DIGNITY.

SPRUNG from earth, yet form'd for heav'n,
Man is bless'd with reason's light,
And religion's lamp is giv'n,
Shedding rays more full and bright :
God, his Father, Teacher, Stay,
Leads him on the heav'nly way.

Truth and love his footsteps guiding,
Guard him from temptation's snare ;
Purity within residing,
Saves from sin and dark despair :
Though all earthly joys decay,
His shall never fade away.

Still, the soul on God relying,
Marks His word, obeys His will ;
Still to serve Him better, trying,
Bearing patient ev'ry ill :
Upward still ascends its love,
Till it rests in bliss above.

“GRACIOUS GOD ! THY WORD COMMANDING.”

GRACIOUS God ! Thy word commanding,
Rais'd the world from ancient night ;
O'er its scenes Thy love expanding,
Bade them bloom in joyful light :
Nature, glad through ev'ry season,
Yields her fruits to Thy control,
While Thy ray, the light of reason,
Shines to bless the human soul.

Brighter far, Thy revelation
Shines in Jesus on our race ;
Christ, the sun of our salvation,
Rises full of truth and grace :
In his beams those seeds are springing,
Which no canker can destroy—
Sacred, deathless treasures bringing,
Knowledge, virtue, hope, and joy.

God of light ! Thy wisdom beaming
Full in Jesus, may we see ;
And our spirits feel it streaming
O'er the path that leads to Thee :
Teach us, all Thy gifts to cherish,
All Thy mercies to improve ;
That, when earth's frail blossoms perish,
Still our souls may reap Thy love.

“HOW CAN THE SOUL DEJECTED LIE!”

How can the soul dejected lie,
By earthly cares o'erborne,
That hears the heav'nly message nigh,
Speak peace to all who mourn !

The herald of our Father's grace
Bids all who labour, “Come !”
And leads them to a resting-place,
A safe and tranquil home.

No more shall doubts and gloomy fears
My spirit's rest annoy :
The words of Christ have dried my tears,
And giv'n me endless joy.

“WHEN MISTS OF EARTH AROUND ME RISE.”

WHEN mists of earth around me rise,
And hide the path I seek,
To heav'n I raise my eager eyes
To see the day-spring break.

Nor do I look to God in vain—
For soon His light appears,
To make the path of duty plain,
And dissipate my fears.

THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.

IN Jesus mark the sacred pow'r
Our Father's grace bestows,
To arm the soul in danger's hour,
For conquest o'er its foes !

His meek, untainted spirit joy'd
In holy triumphs still,
With faith the fear of death destroy'd,
And vanquish'd every ill.

The glorious hopes which reign'd within,
Made earth's temptations vain ;
Before them sunk the strength of sin,
The blunted darts of pain.

Go forth, ye soldiers of his cause,
In heav'nly armour strong ;
Nor at the world's dark threat'nings pause,
But fearless press along !

Your Leader shews no cold delay—
Like him, your toils endure !
He calls you onward, points the way,
And makes your vict'ry sure !

THE DELUSION OF SIN.

DECEITFUL is the light, which gleams
To cheer the slaves of sin ;
Their flick'ring lamp soon wastes its beams—
What terrors then begin !

Now sporting in their brightest hour,
They deem its joys secure ;
To thoughtless eyes, their scene of pow'r
No cloud can e'er obscure.

But see ! an adverse blast has blown,
And quench'd their boasted light—
How are their dazzling prospects flown,
And sunk in hopeless night !

The plots they fram'd for others' harm,
Their own dark steps ensnare ;
Each sound that breathes excites alarm—
Each thought awakes despair.

Their dwelling-place is chill and drear,
Its hearth's last spark is spent ;
Behold, how chang'd a scene is here,
And, Christian, learn content !

Thy lamp, by faith and hope supplied,
Gives out a steady flame,
O'er life's wide sea thy course to guide,
In calms and storms the same.

THE FEAR OF GOD.

NOT with the fear which shakes the frame
Of crouching slave, when passion's flame
 Glares in his tyrant's eye,
Nor with his sullen, forced respect,
Shall pious hearts their pray'rs direct
 To their great Lord on high :

Not with the fear awaked by doubt,
Which, wild and restless, roams about,
 Nor hope nor peace can know ;
Which looks uncheer'd on nature's smiles,
Suspects Heav'n's gifts to harbour wiles,
 And broods o'er sin and woe :

Nor with the fear, which leaves the soul
In superstition's dark control,
 Unvisited by joy ;
Which paints a demon to her sight,
A God whose curse sends forth a blight,
 Earth's blessings to destroy :

But with the awe which faith inspires,
Pointing the soul's sublime desires
 To Him who reigns above ;
Whose pow'r supports creation's frame,
Whose majesty all worlds proclaim,
 Whose robes are light and love :

Such fear, as filial duty shews,
When the pure heart with ardour glows,
A parent's smile to win ;
Watchful his mandates to attend,
Trembling his goodness to offend
By negligence or sin.

Such fear exalts the Christian's heart,
Bids baser thoughts and fears depart,
Temptation's hosts retire ;
From worldly aims his love withdraws,
Inspires his zeal in virtue's cause,
And feeds devotion's fire.

God's service is a fountain blest
Of hope, and joy, and inward rest—
He bids us drink and live :
With filial reverence let us bow,
And look to Him with cheerful brow,
And grateful praises give.

THE TRUE REFUGE.

'Tis vain to trust to nature's pow'r,
In such a storm of woe as this !
Her aid may serve in fortune's hour,
When scenes around thee promise bliss ;
But oh ! the pelting blasts of grief
Demand a surer, swift relief.

Thou canst not trust the worldly crowd,
Who flatter while the scene is bright ;
They spurn the head by sorrow bow'd,
And speed to gayer climes their flight :
These summer friends, they will not stay,
To cheer thee in thy wintry day.

To hopes of earth thou canst not trust,
For they are vain as passing cloud ;
Mere earthly comforts turn to dust—
They shew like health, but hide a shroud !
Thou would'st not grasp a phantom's form,
To bear thee through the wrecking storm.

But to thy God for refuge flee ;
To Him commit thy wearied soul ;
The harrass'd spirit He will free,
And ev'ry furious ill control.
Lean on the rock of love divine,
And strength, and hope, and life are thine.

THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

OH child of sorrow ! raise thine eye,
Thus sadly bending o'er thy woes ;
Behold, where Mercy from on high
Descends, to give thy breast repose !

Weep not, as hopeless mourners do,
Who trust to nature's light alone :
Ruins of time and death they view,
And 'midst the dreary prospect groan.

Weep not like them ! Faith points thy gaze,
Beyond weak reason's farthest scope,
To brighter scenes than earth displays,
And bids thy drooping soul to hope.

Weep not the tears of wild despair,
When conscious guilt alarms thy breast ;
Behold the Gospel's message there,—
“Sinner, repent, and be at rest !”

Nor murm'ring weep, when pleasure dies,
And fancied joys thy grasp elude :
Kind is thy Father,—kind as wise,—
He gives,—withholds,—and all for good.

Weep not, when storms thy course assail,
When sorrow's gath'ring clouds come fast ;
For struggling virtue shall prevail,
And reach her peaceful home at last.

Weep not, desponding, o'er the tomb
Where sleeps the friend, belov'd and lost ;
Nor let the silent mansion's gloom
Thy comforts and thy hopes exhaust.

To these dark scenes shall light succeed,
And earth shall cease, death's reign be o'er ;
Then friendship's wounds no more shall bleed,
Affection's ties be rent no more !

Then tread with patient step thy way,
God's faithful word thy feet shall guide ;
Nor fear the ills of life's short day,—
Religion's comforts still abide.

RELIGIOUS INTEGRITY.

WHAT has the man to hope or fear,
From mortal pow'rs and earthly scenes,
Who serves his God with heart sincere,
And firmly on His promise leans !

Fired by the glories heaven reveals,
His soul to unseen joys aspires ;
A holy charm his bosom feels,
And ev'ry earth-born care retires.

Changeless the object of his love—
Each bright seduction he repels :
His fears, his hopes, all rest above—
His heart with God for ever dwells.

Behold the charm, the secret pow'r,
Which keeps his soul unharm'd and free ;
His safeguard in temptation's hour,
His solace when life's comforts flee.

Force cannot bend, nor vice enthrall,
Nor pleasure win, nor woes subdue,
Nor death, with terrors arm'd, appal
The soul to God and virtue true.

Christian ! 'tis thine the cross to bear,
With meekness, firmness, on thy way,
In duty's cause all foes to dare—
The God thou servest, will repay.

Follow the patient Jesus on,
To realms of joy, through scenes of gloom ;
Though dark the night, there comes a dawn,
Immortal life succeeds the tomb.

PEACE IN PRAYER.

OFT have I known how good it is,
To bow my soul in pray'r,
Before the footstool of my God,
And own my frailties there :
For there the world's delusions cease,
Its sorrows stand apart ;
And there my Father owns His child,
And smiles to raise my heart.

HYMN FOR AUTUMN.

NEVER without a witness is the Lord,
His ceaseless pow'r and goodness to record ;
The teeming earth her full-spread treasures yields,
And crowns with nodding harvests all the fields ;

To shew to man the wealth of Love Divine,
Which makes the show'rs to fall, the sun to shine,
And nature's stores his daily wants supply—
That he may praise their Bounteous Source on high.

THE SCEPTIC AND THE CHRISTIAN.

Toss'd on the world's wide sea of storms,
How helpless toils the sceptic's bark !
No ardent faith the region warms ;
The course is rough—the way is dark.
He views no beacon-light on high,
No pilot's skilful hand is nigh ;
But doubt stands trembling at the helm,
Till bursting waves the bark o'erwhelm.

See, where the Christian bends his way !
Though wildest tempests swell around,
He follows heav'n's directing ray,
Which points where safety's port is found.

Fearless he steers as God commands,
From passion's rocks and pleasure's strands ;
Hope cheers his spirits through the strife,
And bears him on to endless life.

“WHERE SHALL WISDOM BE FOUND?”

THERE is a path no fowl hath known,
Nor lion's prowling step hath press'd ;
Where yet the foot of man hath gone,
Piercing for wealth the mountain's breast.

But not the treasures of the mine,
Whose stones are sapphires, crystal, gold,
Can shew the worth of truth divine,
Or wisdom's dwelling-place unfold.

The deep exclaims, “'Tis not with me”—
The deep, dark-rolling underground ;
“I know it not !” responds the sea ;
“Nor I,” cries death, “its place have found !”

Then where shall man the wisdom find,
To trust in God, and do His will?—
It dwells alone in His vast mind,
Who form'd all worlds, and rules them still.

His wisdom through creation shines—
Let mortals trace its bright display !
It weighs the winds, the seas confines,
And tracks the lightning's fiery way.

None can attain His wisdom's height ;
Yet unto man He sent His word—
“ If thou would'st understand aright,
Depart from evil—fear the Lord.”

MEDITATION ON PROVERBS vi. 27.

CANST thou embrace the fire
With garments undecay'd ?
Or canst thou tread, with foot unharm'd,
Where blazing coals are laid ?

As vainly may'st thou hope
Thine innocence to save,
While nursing in thy breast the wish
That marks thee vice's slave.

No fire more fiercely burns,
Than passions fed by sin ;
They virtue, peace, and hope consume,
And leave a waste within.

THE LAPSE OF TIME ACCOMPLISHING THE PURPOSES OF GOD.

LET ages roll—worlds pass away—
And systems speed to vast decay !
Unchanged Jehovah's purpose stands,
And all obey His wise commands.

Let Time his destined periods fill—
He but performs the Almighty will,
Conducting, as his circles move,
The unerring plans of Heavenly Love.

Though man's whole race must sink in night,
They yet shall wake in boundless light,
Where God Himself their sun shall be,
To bless them through eternity.

Beyond the sphere of mortal things,
Beyond the scene where sorrow springs,
Beyond the reach of pain and woe—
No more corruption shall they know ;

No more to sin—no more to weep—
No more to sink in Death's dark sleep—
From weakness into pow'r they rise,
Immortal as God's paradise.

Then roll, ye ages !—worlds, decay !
 Your flight shall usher in the day,
 When Christ shall summon Death, to free
 His captives from the earth and sea :

The earth and sea shall yield their dead,
 Joyful to meet their living Head,
 To see fulfill'd God's glorious plan—
 Redemption for the race of man.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN AFFLICTION.

(SET TO MUSIC BY S. W. NEW, LONDON.)

“THOUGH earthly friends desert my side,
 And leave me in my hour of ill,
 I'm not alone !” the Saviour cried,
 “My Father's presence cheers me still.”

Thus may the Christian mourner trust,
 Looking to God through every care ;
 All other hopes may sink in dust,
 But not the hopes which centre there.

If Thou art with me, God of love !
 Deserted shall I never be ;
 Nor comfortless my trials prove,
 For still my soul can turn to Thee !

THE VOICE OF WARNING.

DASH from thy lips the cup of sin—
There's nought but poison lies within !
Rashly thou deem'st, that only joy
Can sparkle in that glittering toy :
Beware—beware ! the taste is death—
Already it pollutes thy breath.

Clos'd be thine ear against the voice,
Which bids thee drink of folly's choice ;
Tempting the draught—and sweet the sound—
But fatal wiles in both abound :
Refrain—refrain ! ere yet too late—
'Tis treach'ry lures thee to thy fate.

Go, where Religion beckons thee,
To living waters, pure and free ;
Drink of her streams—in heav'n they rise—
They bring thee health, which never dies :
Approach—approach ! there's safety here—
Where God invites, thou need'st not fear.

“HOW OFT OUR SLUGGISH VIRTUES DROOP!”

How oft our sluggish virtues droop
When all awake their pow'rs should be,
Temptation's hour to meet !
As when approach'd the midnight troop,
To seize the Lord, the chosen three
Lay slumbering at his feet.

Each moment sin besets our way ;
At ev'ry point we stand expos'd
To lurking dangers near :
One thoughtless step may bring dismay—
And soon the mortal strife is clos'd,
When unmark'd foes appear.

In scenes like these, 'tis vain to boast
Of arms and strength as yet untried,
Or heedless roam abroad ;
But wise, to watch the treach'rous host,
With all our armour at our side,
Prepar'd for force or fraud.

When woes assail us, and we faint,
And human friendships fall asleep
In our dark hour of grief,
One ear is open to our plaint—
One pitying eye its watch doth keep—
One hand can send relief.

A Friend—a Father—dwells above,
Who knows our frailties and our pains,
And all our wants can fill :
Like Jesus, let us trust His love,
Submissive own what He ordains,
And patient wait His will.

ASPIRATIONS OF A CHRISTIAN SOUL.

LET earth's distinctions ne'er be mine—
For me no wealth increase ;
So I possess, till life decline,
Contentment, virtue, peace !

Give me the smile of conscience still—
The world's reproof I'll bear :
That smile my breast with joys shall fill,
And leave no place for care !

Give me the faith, which rests on God
Through scenes of weal and woe ;
And I will kiss affliction's rod,
Nor fear the threaten'd blow !

Give me the hope, which beams in death,
To light the valley's gloom ;
And praise shall tune my latest breath,
While passing to the tomb !

Give me at last the glorious crown,
Which Christ's true friends shall gain ;
And need I start at danger's frown,
Since bliss shall grow from pain !

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

DRAW near ! and view that cold and senseless form,
Which now within the grave's embrace we lay—
It goes to claim its kindred with the worm,
The guest of silence, darkness, and decay.

Mere earthy, wasting ashes, all you see—
The fire of life and reason burns no more :
Behold the might of nature's stern decree,
And ponder here the doom for man in store !

But not for ever thus—a glorious change,
By Christ reveal'd, awaits that mould'ring clod ;
It yet through fields of light shall freely range,
With noblest pow'rs endued—a child of God.

Corrupt, dishonour'd, weak, it sinks in earth,
Like the vile seed which hides the precious germ,
To rise in grace and strength, a heav'nly birth,
And bloom immortal, without change or term.

Retire ! thy soul to solemn thoughts resign—
In hope of heav'n thy mortal being spend :
What ! though this earthly doom must soon be thine ;
Live as the heir of life which ne'er shall end !

THE ABODE OF PEACE.

RoAM no more in search of peace—
Here let all thy wand'rings cease ;
This is meek Religion's home,
Rest thee here, nor longer roam.

Doubts and fears thy path surround,
When thou leav'st this hallow'd ground ;
Darkness o'er thy journey lies,
Hiding dangers from thine eyes.

Think not, thou canst ever rest,
Where the passions vex the breast ;
Turn from worldly haunts thy care—
What thou seekest is not there.

Rest thee here, from perils free,
Where no strife can follow thee ;
Here survey the only scene,
Ever cheerful, safe, serene.

Hope and joy around prevail,
Fruits of faith, which never fail ;
God protects the holy place,
Ever present with His grace.

Life's worn pilgrim ! stay thy feet—
Welcome to this blest retreat !
Cast thy sorrows all away—
Here thy strength shall ne'er decay.

“LIFE'S A BOON FROM GOD'S OWN HAND.”

OUR life's a boon from God's own hand,
For noblest uses given,
With pow'rs to work His high command,
And gain the bliss of heav'n.

This sacred trust to us consign'd,
Demands our watchful care ;
And early should each heart and mind
For all its claims prepare.

Religion is our destined guide,
Our comforter and stay,
Whose faith and hope shall strength provide,
To clear our onward way.

But ignorance and sin combine,
Our ever-wakeful foes,
To rob us of our peace divine,
And strew our path with woes.

Yet shall the pow'r of heav'nly truth
Their deadly snares destroy,
And lead the trusting feet of youth
In wisdom's paths of joy.

Kind Father ! let Thy grace descend,
And shew us all Thy love,
That we this life with Thee may spend,
And gain the life above.

THE DIVINE BENEFICENCE THE EXEMPLAR
OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE world is bless'd by love divine—
That love which bids the sun to shine,
The clouds to shed the genial rain,
The earth to yield the ripen'd grain :
All, at its word, their gifts prepare,
For creatures, thankless for its care.

Wide as our Father's bounties spread,
By which all nature's tribes are fed ;
Free as His tender mercies flow,
To feeble, sinful man below—
The streams of charity shall roll,
Dispensing good from pole to pole.

The law of Jesus, fram'd above,
Bids ev'ry bosom glow with love ;
Attunes each tongue to words of peace,
Beneath whose charm contentions cease ;
And opes the gen'rous heart's embrace,
To fold and bless the human race.

Who most its holy pow'r confess,
Their foes forgive, the wrong'd redress—
Who in the ways of mercy tread,
The seeds of peace and joy to spread—
They are the sons of God on earth,
And godlike deeds attest their birth.

“WHILE HE, ON WHOM OUR HOPES DEPEND.”

WHILE he, on whom our hopes depend,
Triumphant leaves the tomb,
Oh ! let our souls from earth ascend,
And shun the sinner's doom.

O'er earthly scenes the wasting blight
Of sin and death is cast ;
But Jesus leads our wond'ring sight
Where ne'er corruption pass'd.

Why should we then desire the toys
Which shine and perish here !
Our hopes be fix'd on heav'nly joys,
Which ne'er shall disappear.

Alive to Christ, but dead to sin,
Our hearts shall faint no more ;
In them, the grace which reigns within,
God's image shall restore.

“GREAT GOD OF TRUTH, DISPENSE THINE
AID.”

GREAT God of truth ! dispense thine aid
To guide a wanderer on his way ;
Support him in affliction's shade,
And keep his foot, too prone to stray.

Through life's dark scenes, for ever bright
The faith which views a Friend on high ;
It shines like that true star at night,
Which glads the storm-beat seaman's eye.

May such a faith be ever mine !
And still its hopes inspire my breast,
While, trusting to the word divine,
I travel on to promis'd rest !

Should I forsake the way, which God
In Christ has pointed to my view,
Where shall I find another road !
How learn my journey to pursue !

“THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT CONQUERS ALL.”

WHILE wrecks of death around him spread,
Dark signals of his coming doom,
The Christian walks with fearless tread
Amidst the deep, sepulchral gloom.

Though trembling tears may dim his eyes,
What calmness rests upon his brow !
Though clad his heart in sorrow's guise,
No hopeless griefs his spirit bow.

A light within his bosom glows—

A faith which spurns at mortal fears,
Which shines the brighter through his woes,
As each frail comfort disappears.

The risen Jesus points his view

To realms of peace unknown to pain—
And, while his steps that road pursue,
The cares of earth assault in vain.

Though dreary wastes before him lie,

And deep'ning clouds impend above,
Faith clears the distance to his eye,
And shews the world of joy and love.

Then, earth ! where is thy pow'r to harm ?

Thy glooms and storms unheeded fall :
Nor thou, stern death ! canst raise alarm—
The Christian spirit conquers all.

“LORD OF ALL ! TO THEE WE RAISE.”

LORD of all ! to Thee we raise
Hearts of joy and songs of praise ;
All Thy gifts we thankful own,
Bending round Thy awful throne.

Spacious heav'n, and earth, and sea,
Turn our solemn thoughts to Thee ;
All declare Thy boundless might,
Ruling all by day and night.

Guard our varied path of life ;
Cheer its gloom, subdue its strife :
Chase each tempting foe away,
Seeming fair, but to betray.

Let Thy grace be ever near ;
Fill our souls with holy fear :
Make us know Thy saving love—
Then to rise, and rest above !

“JEHOVAH ! THOU ART STILL OUR HOME.”

JEHOVAH ! Thou art still our home,
Where'er our weary footsteps roam ;
Thou wast our fathers' help and guide,
And wilt our children's stay abide.

Before the mountains had their birth,
Before arose the fertile earth,
Before the planets roll'd on high—
Ev'n Thou didst fill eternity.

And through eternity Thy throne
Shall stand unchang'd, supreme, alone :
To Thee, the ages time doth count—
A moment seems their vast amount.

Thou say'st to man, "Return to clay!"
And straight his vigour fades away,
Swift as a dream doth pass at morn,
Or mote that bears the torrent's scorn.

Frail as the grass which greets the dawn
In waving beauty on the lawn,
But cut at even withering lies—
His health departs—he droops and dies.

Our longest term is quickly past ;
Our strength to sorrow turns at last :
And life with rapid seasons goes—
A tale which hastens to its close !

"GREAT GOD OF WISDOM! ERE WE SINK."

Great God of wisdom ! ere we sink,
Or tremble on destruction's brink,
Teach us our frail estate to see—
Teach us to spend our years with Thee.

Oh ! let Thy mercy early rise,
Like morning's beams which glad the skies,
To chase all glooms and fears away,
And gild with peace our closing day.

Inspire our hearts the truth to own,—
We live and joy in Thee alone—
And let our children know the same,
Rejoicing in Jehovah's name.

Thou prosperest each holy deed,
In which our arms of flesh succeed ;
Thine is the beauty—thine the might—
Whose presence fills our way with light.

HYMN ON HEBREWS iv. 16.

THE faith that's perfect, hath no fear—
It sees a Father in its God :
As children their lov'd sire revere,
It hears His word—obeys His rod.

Happy the soul, with faith inspired !
It comes with boldness to His throne,
Secure to find the grace desir'd,
And help which flows from Him alone.

THE RESURRECTION.

TRANSPORTING sight ! our Father breaks
The iron fetters of the dead ;
To life again the Saviour wakes,
And promis'd glory crowns his head !
Death's bands are burst,
The captive's free ;
Lo ! Christ has ris'n
To victory !

No more shall death with fears enslave
The servants of the risen Lord ;
Behold the pledge, that from the grave
Their moulder'd frames shall be restor'd !
Bright hopes are theirs,
And sure, as bright ;
The deathless world
Is brought to light !

Thanks to our God, with endless praise !
Whose mercies life and hope impart ;
Who lights the sepulchre with rays,
Which cheer the trembling mourner's heart :
No more despair
Invests the tomb,
For faith can soar
Above its gloom.

Faith views the coming blissful hour,
When ev'ry tear of woe shall cease ;
When, victors o'er each hostile pow'r,
United friends shall dwell in peace—
From earthly, chang'd
To heav'nly guests,
Nor pain, nor sin,
Shall reach their breasts.

HYMN ON HABAKKUK ii. 14.

THROUGH the wide earth Thy glory beams,
On all around, below, above ;
The hills, and vales, and fields, and streams,
And seas, and skies, reflect Thy love.

When will the sons of men awake,
To read these records of Thy name !
Their gods of earthly birth forsake,
And Thy sole deity proclaim !

Yet, Lord, Thy banner is unfurl'd—
Thy truth its onward march shall keep ;
Until Thy glory fills the world,
As waves, the chambers of the deep.

THE SCRIPTURES.

STILL let me love the sacred page,
Where truths from heav'n recorded lie ;
That while I tread this mortal stage,
I may be taught to live and die.

Still let me bind it to my heart,
The richest jewel I can wear ;
That when all other charms depart,
Its lustre still may sparkle there.

Father ! Thy truth shall be my guide ;
Thy promises my soul shall cheer ;
And when by sin or sorrow tried,
Oh ! let Thy smile dispel my fear.

GOD DISCERNED IN STORM AND CALM.

GREAT God ! when awful thunders roar,
Our troubled thoughts ascend to Thee ;
When mountain billows lash the shore,
We trace Thee in the raging sea ;
More lovely we behold Thy form
Bending in peace to lay the storm !

"THE WICKED MELT AWAY."

(FROM JOB XX.)

LIKE visions of the night
Which morn forbids to stay,
Before Jehovah's might
The wicked melt away :

Their triumphing is short—
A moment wastes their joy ;
Where they in pride resort,
Death standeth to destroy.

Their heads may reach the clouds,
Their greatness mount the skies—
When death their glory shrouds,
Like dust their treasure flies.

The eye which wondering gazed,
Looks on their pomp no more ;
And tongues which loudly praised,
Now give their flatt'ry o'er.

No more the seat of pride
Their pamper'd forms shall grace ;
With worms they now reside,
In dark corruption's place.

The earth casts out their name,
Dishonour'd and impure ;
And heav'n records their shame,
To seal their portion sure.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

(SET TO MUSIC BY THOMAS VALENTINE, OF BIRMINGHAM.)

CARES and toils of earth forsaking,
Here our souls have sacred rest,
Joys at heav'nly springs partaking,
Springs which cleanse and soothe the breast.

Here, engag'd in sweet devotion,
How our hearts their woes forget !
Distant far the world's commotion,
Hush'd the murmurs of regret !

Pray'r our inmost thoughts refining,
Raiseth our desires on high ;—
Duty, honour, bliss combining—
Strength'ning ev'ry social tie.

Thus in pray'rs and hopes united,
While we praise our Father's love,
By His word of promise lighted,
We advance to realms above.

THE ENCROACHMENTS OF TIME.

LORD ! as encroaching time prevails,
And wastes the vigour of my frame,
Give me the strength which never fails—
In youth, in age, in death, the same !

When sorrow's weapons pierce my heart,
The anguish of its wounds allay ;
The comforts of Thy grace impart,
While other comforts pass away !

When death shall stretch his chilling hand,
To take me from this fading scene,
Grant me, in innocence to stand,
And meet his stroke with soul serene !

God of my spirit ! Thee to know,
In life is strength, in death is peace ;
The hopes that from this fountain flow,
While faith endures, shall never cease.

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

OH Thou ! to whom each fervent pray'r
Contrition breathes, ascends on high !
Thou, God, alone canst ease the care
That wakes the conscious sinner's cry.

Subdued in heart, to Thee we turn—
In shame and mourning seek Thy face ;
No more Thy mercy's call we spurn,
But, humbled, pray for pardoning grace.

Within our breasts, oh Lord, inspire
The joyful hope of peace with Thee ;
And from each sinful, vain desire,
Oh let Thy spirit set us free !

Low at a Father's feet we bend—
His love and promise chase despair :
Our feeble efforts, Lord, befriend,
To rise to heav'n, and settle there.

“WHILE EVERY CREATURE DROOPS AND
FAINTS.”

WHILE ev'ry creature droops and faints,
And nature claims her time of sleep ;
Unwearied watch around His saints
The Great Creator loves to keep.

His wisdom—who its depths can know !
His pow'r alone the world sustains ;
From Him our strength, our comforts flow ;
He aids our weakness, soothes our pains.

Kind Father ! guard me ever here,
Both when I sleep, and when I wake ;
Through life may I still find Thee near—
Nor in death's hour my soul forsake !

"GOD IN MERCY'S WAYS REJOICES."

God in mercy's ways rejoices,
All His works declare His love ;
Nature wakes ten thousand voices,
Tuned to praise her Lord above.

All this world of light and beauty,
Form'd by Him, by Him is bless'd :
What but praise, is reason's duty,
Praise sincere from grateful breast ?

Lord ! we own Thy gifts so various,
Freely spread for all to share ;
But as life itself, precarious,
Not design'd to fix our care :

Nobler blessings lie before us,
By the Gospel's power convey'd :
Sin, nor death, can triumph o'er us,
While on these our souls are stay'd.

God of grace ! Thy love reviewing,
Grateful songs our spirits raise ;
Let each day, Thy gifts renewing,
Find us mindful of Thy praise.

Let Thy blessing now attend us,
Guide, reform, and cheer our hearts,
In each trying scene befriend us,
Guard us still, when life departs.

GOD READS THE HEART.

How awful is the thought !—
The earth contains no spot
Can screen me from His light !
From Him no depth conceals—
And ev'n the night reveals
Its secrets to His sight !

And doth He read my heart—
My life in every part—
My hidden movements all ?—
Then let me guard my ways,
And live unto His praise,
And on His mercy call.

GOD SOUGHT IN SORROW.

LORD ! be my help in sorrow's hour,
And chase despair away ;
Nor give to earthly woes the pow'r
To lead my soul astray !

Thy goodness is my trust, my rock—
No strength but Thine is sure !
Oh ! aid me to sustain the shock,
In faith and hope secure !

HYMN ON JOB xxxviii.

FRAIL man was not, when God outstretch'd
O'er chaos dark His mighty hand,
Fix'd the foundations of the earth,
And bound the sea to His command :

" Thus far in freedom shalt thou come,
But here shall thy proud waves be stay'd :"
Obedient to the voice divine,
Back roll'd the waters, still'd, afraid.

And the young morning heard His word,
Which bade him rise the earth to cheer,
And lead the day-spring in his train,
Companion of his bright career.

The new-born orbs of beaming light
Sang praises to creative love ;
And joy burst forth from nature's breast,
Ere human tongue had pow'r to move.

Who, but the Lord, directs the winds,
Or points the wingéd lightning's way ?
The rolling planets own His laws,
And glad creation feels His sway.

Thyself, O man, His creature art,
From dust didst rise, in dust shalt fall ;
Resign each thought of pride, and serve
With lowly heart the God of all.

DEVOTION.

EACH care dismiss'd, each passion still'd,
My soul rejoices to be free ;
And with devotion's ardour fill'd,
It soars to dwell, great God, with Thee.

Thy peerless glories fix its gaze—
Now earth's attractions lose their charm ;
Its hopes, its love, Thy mercies raise,
Thy frown alone can strike alarm.

Still let me feel this holy joy,
In faith to worship, fear, and love ;
And let no blight of earth destroy
This promise of the bliss above.

YOUNG AND OLD INVITED BY THE GOSPEL.

HARK ! our Father's voice inviting,
In the Gospel, calls us home !
Age with youth their hopes uniting,
Let us at His bidding come.

Fellow-heirs of one salvation,
Let one spirit rule each breast ;
Jesus points our destination,
Him we follow to our rest.

“BOW DOWN, MY SOUL, AND PRAISE THE
LORD.”

Bow down, my soul, and praise the Lord,
Whom earth and heav'n proclaim their God ;
With joyful trust receive His word,
And meekly own His sov'reign rod.

For He, whose power is over all,
In mercy still delights to reign ;
And none who seek His ways, shall fall,
Or find His gracious promise vain.

THE PILOT-STAR.

THOUGH sorrow's dark wave 'gainst my frail bark is
beating,
Steadfast my hopes on the pilot-star rest ;
For, though the bright sunbeam from earth is retreating,
Heav'n still shews a ray, to enliven my breast !

The night is not cheerless, with that star before me,
Which shines through the darkness, to banish despair ;
And dangers are harmless, with Providence o'er me,
Whose emblem and promise I hail beaming there !

THE LIGHT OF NATURE AND THE GOSPEL.

How glorious shone the first glad ray,
That out of chaos sprang,
When God's command call'd forth the day,
And heav'n with praises rang !

So shines within our hearts the light
Which He in Christ supplies,
To make our path of duty bright,
And hopes immortal rise.

We see, unveil'd, a Father's love
O'er all our race extend,
And all His plans in concert move,
With mercy for their end.

“WHERE’ER IS BEAUTY, IS A SPRING OF JOY.”

WHERE’ER is beauty, is a spring of joy—
Yet all that’s beautiful doth Time destroy :
The flowers perish in the seasons’ round,
Or ’neath the blast drop early to the ground.

So do the tribes of men successive pass
From life to death, as transient as the grass :
But, though Thou bid’st their mortal flesh decay,
Thy word for ever stands, their hope, their stay !

“IN DEEP ADVERSITY I FOUND THE WORLD’S
PROFESSIONS VAIN !”

IN deep adversity I found
The world’s professions vain—
Its friendship but a hollow sound :
But God hath sooth’d my pain !

What off’ring shall my soul present,
What sacrifice prepare,
Before the Lord omnipotent,
For all His tender care ?

The off’ring of an humble mind
Within His courts I’ll place ;
And shew a heart to Him resign’d,
In presence of my race.

The sacrifice of grateful praise
My tongue shall freely give,
And still its noblest anthems raise
To Him who bids me live.

O come, ye people, whom the Lord
Hath taught to trust His grace !
With me, His acts of love record,
And bow before His face.

LIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUD.

STILL desponding—still in tears !

Where's thy faith, thy hope, thy trust ?
Rouse, my soul ! dispel thy fears !
Droop no longer in the dust !

Months and years—how many past—

Hast thou joy'd in gifts divine !
Now thy sky is overcast—
Soon its wonted light will shine.

Bow to God, whose name is Love—

He will make thy griefs to end ;
And thy songs shall soar above,
Owning Him thy changeless Friend.

“THEE WILL I LOVE, ALL-GRACIOUS GOD.”

THEE will I love, all-gracious God !

Because Thou heard'st my cry,
When heavily affliction's rod,
Upon my soul did lie.

Around me pains and sorrows press'd ;

Wide yawn'd the threatening grave ;—
But faith in Thee inspired my breast,
And whisper'd—“ He can save !”

“The Lord is gracious—He is just ;
His mercy triumphs still :
He yet will raise thee from the dust,
And all thy hopes fulfil !”—

Return, my soul, unto thy rest !
Thy God hath chased thy fears ;
From urgent death thou art releas'd,
And dried are all thy tears.

HYMN ON NAHUM i. 3.

THE Lord Jehovah, slow to wrath,
In awful glory holds His seat,
In storms and whirlwinds hides His path,
And treads the clouds beneath His feet.

He chides the sea—and it is dry !
He smites the streams—they waste away !
Bashan's and Carmel's pastures die—
The flow'rs of Lebanon decay !

The mountains shake beneath His look,
Hills melt, the earth's foundations burn—
What might can stand His fierce rebuke,
Which bids the rocks to overturn ?

But safe are they who trust His pow'r,
Who fix their hopes on Him above :
Their only shield in danger's hour,
Their only refuge, is His love.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO DR. DRENNAN'S
HYMN,

“OH, SWEETER THAN THE FRAGRANT FLOW’R.” -

“OH, sweeter than the fragrant flow’r
At ev’ning’s dewy close,
The will, united with the pow’r,
To succour human woes.

“And softer than the softest strain
Of music, to the ear,
That placid joy we give and gain,
By gratitude sincere.”

(Additional Stanzas.)

The sweetest odours quickly fade,
While flow’rs resign their grace ;
But charity blooms undecay’d,
To bless the human race.

And music’s softest tones must cease,
As sink the strings to rest ;
But echoes still that chord of peace,
Within the pious breast.

HYMN ON MICAH vii. 8.

REJOICE not o'er me when I fall ;
My God can make me rise :
With Him, no darkness shall appal—
His light still cheers my eyes !

Though for my sins He chide me sore,
I'll trust in Him alone ;
I'll wait till pains and toils are o'er,
And still His mercy own !

“THOU QUELLER OF THE OUTWARD STORM !”

THOU Queller of the outward storm,
Who mak'st the strife of nature cease !
Subdue the passions which deform
The soul—and soothe its rage to peace.

Thy bidding makes the thunder still,
And smooths the angry billows' frown ;
But when will man Thy word fulfil,
And cast his pride and fury down ?

“HAVE PITY ON THY FELLOW-MAN.”

HAVE pity on thy fellow-man,
Nor rob him of his only stay ;
His life is but a little span—
Take not its light, its strength away !
Whatever good thou tak'st beside,
Leave him Religion for his guide.

LINES WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S BIBLE.

MAY this true light beam o'er my way,
Whene'er through life's wide scenes I move,
And still my Father's grace display,
To guide me to redeeming love !

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.



HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

WHO ARE HAPPY?

COMPOSED AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE REV. R. K. PHILP, THE FIRST
DOMESTIC MISSIONARY IN LONDON, FOR THE USE OF HIS SCHOOLS.

Who are happy?—They who give
All their hearts in youth to God,
Still advancing, while they live,
In religion's blissful road.

Who are happy?—They who kneel
Daily at their Father's throne ;
Holy peace within they feel,
Comfort shared by them alone.

Who are happy?—They who choose
Jesus for their friend and guide ;
Drooping strength his word renews,
Cheers their spirit, guards their side.

Who are happy?—They who shun
Every path where sin appears—
Who in Jesus' footsteps run,
Undisturb'd by guilty fears.

Who are happy?—They who love
God, and truth, and virtue's ways ;
Pleasures spring where'er they move,
Though each joy of earth decays.

Who are happy?—They who shew
Grace triumphant in the soul,
Quenching passion's fatal glow,
Winning all to heav'n's control.

Who are happy?—They who rise,
When their mortal toils are done,
To the mansions in the skies,
Where their risen Saviour's gone.

HYMN,

COMPOSED AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE REV. R. K. PHILP, FOR THE DEDICATION OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP FOR THE USE OF THE DOMESTIC MISSION, LONDON, 1836.

BEFORE the God who bade to move
Each glorious orb which rolls above,
The proudest piles that earth can rear,
As dust and vanity appear.

Creation's Lord no temple needs,
To shrine His presence, laud His deeds ;
He hears His people when they call,
From lowly cell, or lofty hall.

Where'er the humble soul is bow'd,
Or in the closet, or the crowd,
In silent praise, or ardent prayer,
The Lord is worship'd, God is there.

Lord ! let these walls Thy praise resound
From hearts, whose hopes in Thee abound ;
And here be shewn that fount of grace
Which flows for all who seek Thy face.

May sinners own Thy mercy here,
Subdued in penitence and fear ;
While Truth instructs them from her page,
And heavenly joys their hearts engage.

Here may the poor find endless store,
And mourners learn to weep no more ;
And all who in Thy worship bend,
Prove Thee their Father, Guardian, Friend.

HYMN ON THE PASSING OF THE DISSENTERS' CHAPELS BILL

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. R. B. ASPLAND, AT WHOSE REQUEST IT WAS WRITTEN.

GLORY to God for the works of His pow'r,
Whose truth is our stay in each perilous hour !
Zion's glad pilgrims, from bondage returning,
Awoke in the desert their anthems to Thee ;
So, the triumphs of joy in ten thousand hearts burning,
Burst forth into song, for our Temples set free.
Glory to God, our Protector and Guide !
What foe can e'er harm us, with Thee on our side !

Loud raved the storm, and the clouds gather'd round—
But Thy justice hath spoken—they fled at the sound !
Lord ! Thou hast saved us from wide-threaten'd danger !
Not again shall the ark of our freedom be mov'd,
Nor the graves of our fathers be trod by the stranger,
Nor our children be torn from the altars we lov'd.
Glory to God, our Protector and Guide !
What foe can e'er harm us, with Thee on our side !

God is our Refuge—no more shall we fear !
His truth and His worship shall ever be dear !
Why should contentions His people dis sever ?
Let faith, hope, and love, all our bosoms unite,
To cherish sweet peace, to prize liberty ever,
And spread o'er the earth the blest fruits of His light.
Glory to God, our Protector and Guide !
What foe can e'er harm us, with Thee on our side !

HYMN,

COMPOSED FOR THE RE-OPENING OF THE ANCIENT PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL,
DEAN ROW, CHESHIRE, 1845, AND DEDICATED TO THE REV. JOHN COLSTON.

ALL-GRACIOUS GOD ! through heav'n and earth

Thy love is present everywhere,
Presiding o'er fair nature's birth,
Extending o'er our race its care :

Let wide creation bless Thy name,
Deep in all hearts Thy glories live ;
Thee, God alone, Thy works proclaim—
Let all to Thee their rev'ence give.

Long have the praises due to Thee,
Been hush'd within these ancient walls ;
Again awakes the harmony
Which from our souls Thy worship calls.

Around us sleep an honour'd band,
Who fought to free Thy truth from chains ;
Their peaceful triumphs bless the land—
Their spirit lives—their work remains.

Accept our thanks, that once again
This humble temple sounds Thy praise ;
Oft may its echoes swell the strain
Thy people to Thine honour raise.

Here let Thy word no bondage know,
But prove its heav'n-born pow'r and grace,
To raise lost souls from sin and woe,
And lead them to their Father's face.

HYMN,

COMPOSED FOR THE JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY OF THE REV. ROBERT CAMPBELL'S
MINISTRY IN TEMPLEPATRICK, CO. ANTRIM, IRELAND, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1847.

FREE, in its birth-right, is the soul—
And free, God's truth—His gift to man ;
Submissive to His wise control,
They spurn earth's dark, contracted span.

The heart sincere, the spirit pure,
The zeal that works by love and peace,
In His free service shall endure,
And feel their strength and joy increase.

Honour to him who honours Truth,
Where'er her sacred form appears—
Whose heart is hers in age, in youth,
Through storm and calm, in smiles and tears !

Honour to him who nobly stands
By Conscience, in her tempted hour,
Who reads Heav'n's law in her commands,
And owns through life her guiding pow'r !

Though bigots threat, and mystics rave,
And tyrants plot to do him wrong,
His soul disdains to act the slave—
In bonds still free—in perils strong.

He looks in faith to God above,
Whose ways are marked on ages gone—
Whose chariot-wheels, though slow they move,
Still bear the truth triumphant on.

HEBREW LYRIC ;

ON THE RETURN OF PLENTY AFTER A DEARTH.

(JOEL ii. 23.)

REJOICE, oh ye children of Zion, rejoice,
And be glad in Jehovah, your God !
Behold, how the famine is stay'd at His voice !
He hath scatter'd its terrors abroad.

The dews of the heav'ns o'er your valleys are shed,
And the promise of plenty they shew ;
The corn in your garners shall deeply be spread,
And your wine and your oil shall o'erflow.

In God be your hope ; and the pastures shall spring,
And with fruits be the wilderness strew'd ;
The trees that were stricken, their produce shall bring,
And the strength of the vine be renew'd.

In fear, and in gladness, oh lift up your song
To Jehovah, whose mercies endure ;
In faintness and sorrow, seek Him who is strong—
To the humble His favour is sure.

HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE year has pass'd away,
 Swift as the gliding stream ;
And all its scenes appear
 Like relics of a dream !
 Spent are its griefs,
 Its joys are flown,
 And mem'ry holds
 Their trace alone !

Thee, God of endless days,
 Our grateful souls shall bless,
Whose love prolongs our lives,
 And soothes each past distress :
 An op'ning year
 Thy gifts renews ;
 Let not our hearts
 Their praise refuse !

Frail, fleeting life ! how soon
 May thy probation close ;
And they, who prize thee most,
 In the still grave repose !
 Thy joys are brief,
 Not made to last ;
 And change comes o'er
 Thy seasons fast.

Then, mortal ! pause, and trace
Time's progress, and thine own !
Shall earth thy cares engage,
When better things are known ?
Oh, fix thy love
On heav'nly bliss ;
All other good
Shall fail, but this.

Time's measur'd term shall end,
When dawns the eternal day,
Whose sun shall never set,
Nor shine with clouded ray :
Then virtue's sons
To heav'n shall rise,
With glory crown'd,
That never dies.

Then, let thy zeal be strong,
Life's purpose to fulfil ;
And work, with all thy pow'rs,
Thy righteous Father's will :
So shall thy deeds
Be truly bless'd,
And death conduct
To endless rest.

HYMN FOR THE TISSINGTON WELL-
FLOWERING.

COMPOSED IN 1834, AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE THOMAS HOLLAND, ESQ.,
OF DERBY, TO WHOSE MEMORY IT IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

OF the interesting festival for which this Hymn was written, Mr. Rhodes gives the following account in his "Peak Scenery :"—"An ancient custom still prevails in the village of Tissington (Derbyshire), denominated *Well-flowering* ; and Holy Thursday is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of this elegant custom. This day is regarded as a festival ; and all the wells in the place, five in number, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Sometimes boards are used, which are cut to the figure intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted to preserve their freshness ; and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work, often tasteful in design, and vivid in colouring. The boards thus adorned, are so placed in the spring, that the water appears to issue from amongst beds of flowers. On this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is service at the church, where a sermon is preached : afterwards a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession : the Psalms for the day, the Epistle, and Gospel are read, one at each well ; and the whole concludes with a Hymn, which is sung by the Church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done, they separate ; and the remainder of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday festivities."

OUR smiling vales and beauteous hills,
Our verdant fields and healthful rills,
Inspire the song, invite the praise,
Which to creation's Lord we raise.

Pure as these waters leave their bed,
Thy love o'er all the earth is spread ;
And free as through the plains they roll,
Thy gifts descend to cheer the soul.

Oh may our hearts their off'rings bring,
Fresh as these blossoms of the spring;
And may our warm affections frame
A fragrant wreath around Thy name!

Our fathers, sleeping 'neath the sod,
Here rais'd the anthem to their God;
Their voices from the earth have pass'd—
But still unchanged Thy mercies last.

Their children grateful share Thy love,
And joy to honour Thee above,
To bless Thee for rich nature's store,
And for the Gospel's treasures, more.

Oh may our pious wishes rise
With Jesus, to the blissful skies!
And in his footsteps may we go
Where everlasting fountains flow!

Great Source of good! Thy grace impart,
With gratitude to warm each heart;
That still these peaceful vales may sound
His praise, who makes their joys abound.

DEDICATION HYMN FOR THE OPENING OF THE
NEW GRAVEL-PIT CHAPEL, HACKNEY,

MARCH 25, 1858.

COME, Father, come in smiles of love !

Thy name our souls revere !

These gates of praise we ope to Thee—

Oh deign our vows to hear !

We wait Thy blessing on our work,

To sanctify this place,

That here Thy presence may be found

By all who seek Thy face !

Bless'd Father ! let Thy glory rest

Within this earthly shrine,

And here Thy truth its pow'r display

In tokens all divine ;

That, when Thy children mourn their sins,

Or droop 'neath sorrow's load,

Thou may'st be near, to ease their woe,

And guide them on their road !

To Thy sole name, our Father, God,

This temple hallow'd be ;

And in each heart an altar burn

With incense worthy Thee !

Thy consolations grant our souls,

Thy free salvation give ;

And when our worship here shall cease,

Raise us with Christ to live !

HYMN FOR THE SAME OCCASION AS THE
PRECEDING.

(TO A MELODY BY WEBER, WHICH HAS BEEN PUBLISHED WITH OTHER
WORDS, UNDER THE TITLE, "GOD OF THE FATHERLESS.")

FATHER, all-bountiful, fountain of salvation !

Free send Thy Gospel forth, to bless our feeble race ;
Speak, through Thy holy Son, unto ev'ry nation ;

Bring them to know Thy name—guide them—shew
them Thy grace !

When sinners fervently abjure their transgression,

Owning their helplessness—by Christ led unto Thee—
Father ! in mercy hear their spirits' confession—

Comfort the penitent—cleanse them—and set them
free !

When shadows gather 'round, dark'ning their mortal
scene,

Thy light dispels their gloom, and drives their fears
away ;

And death, come when he will, they meet with souls serene,
Waiting their Father's call, bringing immortal day !

ANOTHER HYMN FOR THE TISSINGTON WELL- FLOWERING.

This Hymn is mainly the composition of the late THOMAS HOLLAND, Esq., of Derby, who was a native of Tissington, and to whom the admirers of the annual Well-dressings in that picturesque village are under many obligations. My own share in its construction was little more than the arrangement of its rhythm, and the suggestion of a few poetical turns of expression. It is here printed with the kind permission of the Family of my lamented Friend. (See p. 150.)

SOVEREIGN of all ! Thou Infinite, Supreme !

Whose glory wakes the universe to praise—
Whose goodness flows in one perpetual stream
To bless our race—Thine is the song we raise !
Boundless Thy love, O Father, as Thy might,
And all Thy creatures live beneath Thy sight !

Around us spread Thy works, Great Source of good—
In all their various forms Thy bounties shine ;
We trace Thy gifts in mountain, vale, and wood—
And all the harvests of our fields are Thine :
Thine are these rills, in flowery beds that rise—
Thine, all the beauteous scene that 'round us lies !

Thou bidd'st drear winter pass, and lead'st the spring
In rosy smiles, to gladden nature's face ;
Then, at Thy bidding, summer, autumn, bring
Their lavish gifts, to cheer our dwelling-place :
O'er all our world, as in the heav'ns above,
Beams the rich influence of our Father's love.

To God be glory from each heart and tongue !

Ye everlasting springs, exalt His name !

Ye hills and valleys, echo back the song !

And nature's every sound, His praise proclaim !

But loudest be the hymn from human voice—

For man is taught to know Him, and rejoice !

God of our lives ! accept our grateful strains

For streams of gladness which Thy love supplies ;

And, as each vernal season gilds our plains,

And bids this day of festal joy arise,

Oh grant, that through Thy truth our souls may be

More fit for death and heav'n, and nearer Thee !

HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG,

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SUNDAY AND OTHER CHARITY SCHOOLS.

HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

“AS QUICKLY PASS LIFE'S EARLY YEARS.”

As quickly pass life's early years,
So come its scenes of trial on ;
When we must know its woes and fears,
And wake to labour with the dawn :

But, while our youth retains its pow'r,
Ere yet the world enslaves the mind,
We may prepare for every hour,
And help for every struggle find.

We'll glean from pure Religion's page,
Her stores of knowledge, virtue, truth—
The soul's defence to latest age,
Our guide, our strength, our joy in youth.

Devoted be our lives to God,
And fix'd our hearts to do His will :
So, when our earthly course is trod,
His love shall all our hopes fulfil.

“WHEN MOTHERS MOVED BY HOLY LOVE.”

WHEN mothers moved by holy love,
Their infants brought to Jesus' knee,
He stretch'd his hands, and bless'd, and said,
“Let little children come to me!”

So may our youthful feet be led,
Where we may learn to know him too,
To hear his word, to mark his ways,
And strive his footsteps to pursue.

Father of Jesus! God of grace!
Oh keep us near the Saviour's side,
That through the changing scenes of life,
We still may choose him for our guide!

Let faith and hope our souls prepare,
To stand against temptation's pow'r,
And that sweet peace by Jesus giv'n,
Its comforts yield in sorrow's hour.

Conducted thus by light divine
Through ev'ry duty, ev'ry woe,
Our lives shall praise Thee as they pass—
Our souls shall Thy salvation know.

“BEHOLD THE SOWER’S PRUDENT TOIL.”

BEHOLD the sower’s prudent toil,
Who guards from noxious weeds the soil,
And stores with timely seed the ground,
That autumn’s treasures may abound !

So let us learn life’s scenes to use,
That heaven’s bright crown we may not lose ;
So with good seed our minds prepare,
And reap a harvest, worth our care.

If youth be spent in folly’s waste,
No fruit but woe shall manhood taste ;
If early vice corrupt the heart,
Its blight will spread o’er ev’ry part.

But oh ! what fruits of joy await,
Through future scenes in either state,
The young, who walk in wisdom’s road,
And learn to do the will of God !

Peace and content shall cheer their way,
Through life’s uncertain, changeful day ;
And bliss eternal be their own,
Where change and sorrow are unknown.

Father of truth ! Thy blessing give,
That we may serve Thee while we live ;
And when our earthly toils are past,
May find our rest with Thee at last.

“ALMIGHTY PARENT OF OUR RACE.”

ALMIGHTY Parent of our race,
A youthful train before Thee bend,
With hearts inclin'd to seek Thy face,
And hail Thee as their guardian Friend.

Direct us early in Thy way,
Lest folly's paths our feet entice ;
And check our wand'rings when we stray,
To save us from the snares of vice.

Deep in our breasts implant Thy fear,
That sin may find no room to grow ;
But faith, and hope, and love sincere,
May spring, and plenteous fruits bestow.

Still may we keep Thy word in sight,
By Christ to feeble man supplied ;
In sorrow's shade, make it our light,
In duty's course, our law and guide.

As long as Thou our lives dost spare,
Let all their pow'rs to Thee be giv'n ;
And let each scene our souls prepare
For death, for judgment, and for heav'n.

HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN OF A CHARITY
SCHOOL.

HUMBLE and poor may be our lot,
And hard our daily fare ;
Yet God protects the lowly cot,
And makes our wants His care.

He gives us life, and health, and food,
He fills our hearts with joy ;
And, better than all earthly good,
His truths our minds employ.

He warms with love those gen'rous friends,
Who lead us in His way ;
His favour on our steps attends,
When we His will obey.

Then let us praise the God of love ;
Let each succeeding day,
As through life's varied scenes we move,
Our gratitude display.

Let not a lie our tongues profane,
Nor cruelty our deeds,
Nor theft, nor malice leave a stain ;
For sin to misery leads.

But let us learn to speak the truth,
And walk in virtue's road ;
So shall the lessons of our youth
Guide us to heav'n's abode.

“IN STRAINS OF GRATEFUL JOY.”

IN strains of grateful joy,
Come, sing our Maker's praise !
His constant blessings claim
Our hearts' best, noblest lays :

Glory to Him belongs—
He form'd the earth and sky ;
And He will hear the songs
His children raise on high.

Our years of life, though few,
His gracious care hath bless'd ;
His promise points our hopes
To Heav'n's eternal rest :

Without His light of truth,
Our feet had gone astray ;
But He doth guide our youth
From sin to virtue's way.

To learn His words of life,
Is now our blest employ ;
They make our duty plain,
And death's dark fears destroy :

Oh, may the God of grace
Ne'er draw from us His love ;
But may we see His face
In happy scenes above !

“THE YOUTHFUL HEART, THAT LOOKS TO
GOD.”

THE youthful heart, that looks to God,
And loves to do His will,
Becomes a living fount of good,
With blessings flowing still.

Its onward course is mark'd with peace ;
Contentment smiles around :
It seeks its joys in duty's scenes,
Where only they are found.

Kind Father of our feeble race,
Whose mercies round us beam,
Oh make our hearts to flow to Thee,
A pure and tranquil stream !

Let Thy blest word by Jesus taught,
Still light us on our way,
Through earthly cares, and death's dark shades,
To realms of cloudless day.

"KIND FATHER OF THE HUMAN RACE."

KIND Father of the human race,
Whose mercies o'er the world are spread,
To Thee our hearts rejoice to trace
The spring, from which our lives are fed.

Our years, though few, proclaim Thy love ;
Their gifts and seasons came from Thee :
Beneath Thy guardian care we move,
Nor ever from Thy view can flee.

With sacred truth our minds prepare
To tread the world's deceitful way ;
And guard us from each fatal snare,
Which aims the youthful to betray.

In future scenes of care and toil,
Which active life may bid arise,
Still let our souls from vice recoil,
And Thy pure law attract our eyes.

When keen temptations 'round us press,
Oh give us strength to do Thy will ;
When struggling with the world's distress,
Let faith in Thee our passions still.

In all our duties, all our woes,
Bright let Thy heav'nly promise shine,
Which cheers life's journey till it close,
And points to joys which ne'er decline.

“HOW HAPPY THEY, WHOSE TENDER
YOUTH.”

How happy they, whose tender youth
Is taught to serve the Lord !
Their joy through life, to do His will—
His love, their sure reward !

No treasures which the world can give,
No fruits the earth can raise,
Shall equal those their souls enjoy,
Devoted to His praise.

He's near them when their sorrows come,
He's with them to the end—
In every dark and troubled scene,
Their faithful Guide and Friend.

And when their mortal course is done,
They close their eyes in peace ;
In hope to glorify His name,
Where tears for ever cease.

COUNSELS ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

YE youthful flock ! beware of sin,
The deadly foe of all your peace ;
Early to serve your God begin,
And grow in grace as years increase.

Remember still, how frail you are,
And trust not to your own conceit ;
In every place there lies a snare
For boastful hearts and thoughtless feet.

The Saviour's lessons strive to know,
And in his pure example live ;
The path of heav'n his precepts shew,
And everlasting comforts give.

Let all your songs united rise
To God, whose love all creatures share ;
Oh may He fit you for the skies,
And give you blissful mansions there !

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

FATHER! our souls by Thee endow'd
To know and do Thy will,
Though nurs'd on earth, must soar to heav'n,
Thy purpose to fulfil.

Just like the springing plant, they need
Thy genial warmth and light—
The warmth of faith, the light of truth,
To guide their growth aright.

By knowledge fed, their pow'rs expand
In virtue's beauteous form—
Religion shields them from the blast,
And from the cankering worm :

That blast is this world's frequent woe,
That worm, the pow'r of sin—
Despite of both, they grow and bloom,
While all is pure within.

Then let us hail with trustful love,
"The day-spring from on high,"
Which draws from out our hearts and lives
The shoots which ne'er shall die.

And, gracious Father! let Thy smile
Approve our earnest pray'r,
That we in Christ may daily grow,
Beneath Thy guardian care.

HYMN FOR A CHARITY SCHOOL.

GREAT God, in whom all safety lies !
Oh guard our souls from every ill ;
Before Thine arm all danger flies—
Protect, befriend, and guide us still.

Lord, give us grace to walk with Thee,
In peace, humility, and love ;
From every wicked way to flee,
And seek the joys Thy laws approve.

Thy blessings, Heav'nly Father ! shed
On those who aid our helpless youth ;
Whose generous efforts aim to spread
Among the poor Thy blessed truth.

CHORUS FOR A SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

LORD, crown this glorious work ;
Let knowledge fill the land,
Till men of every state
Submit to Christ's command :
Then shall Thy praise o'er earth extend,
And sound through worlds that never end.

SONGS AND LYRICS.

SONGS AND LYRICS.

THE LETTER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE storm of the Battle had swept o'er the plain,
And down through the valley was chasing its prey—
In its wrecks left behind, 'midst the wounded and slain,
Lay a hero, whose life-blood was ebbing away :
As he droop'd, a stain'd letter he clasp'd in his hand—
Dear tidings it brought from his love and his home !
It had strengthen'd his arm while he wielded his brand ;
It spoke peace to his soul when his hour was come !

O'er its lines, in mute agony bending, he pored—
And oft kiss'd it—and wept—and then smiled through
his woe :
He thought of his far-distant maiden adored—
And heard Victory's signal ring loud from below.
But, slowly the death-mist was shrouding his eye—
And slowly the scene faded thin from his view,
As his spirit pass'd off in the joy-breathing cry,
“ My country has triumph'd—my lov'd one is true ! ”

THE PRISONER'S MEDITATION.

A SONG.

YEARS move slow
Within this dungeon's gloom ;
 Hope's bright glow
Doth ne'er its walls illumine :
 Ah ! how changed here,
The heart that once was free—
 When hope burn'd clear,
And seasons pass'd with glee !
Yet freedom still is mine—
 Thought spurns the chain !—
But cheerless the light doth shine,
 Which shews only pain !—
 Where are now
The scenes, the friends, approv'd ?
 Where art thou,
The early, only lov'd ?

All—all fled—
The world is lone for me !
 Leaves all dead,
I stand a ruin'd tree !
 I see but graves,
Where joyous eyes met mine—
 The wild grass waves
Where once my hearth did shine !

Then, what is life to me,
None left to love?—
A dismal and troubled sea,
With no star above!
When life's o'er,
This gloom shall vanish fast—
Heav'n's bright shore
Will give repose at last!

“I WILL NOT LEAVE THEE, DEAREST.”

I WILL not leave thee, dearest,
In solitude to pine :
Thou to this heart art nearest,
Whatever lot be mine.
I'll stay, to soothe thy sorrow,
Each day bid thee “Good-morrow,”
And each from each shall borrow
A joy almost divine.

How could I leave thee weeping,
Whose love is all my own—
While all the world are sleeping,
To wake and mourn, alone !
No, no !—Beside thee toiling,
Thy cares and fears beguiling,
I'll keep thee ever smiling,
As sorrow were unknown.

THE POET'S DREAM.

BREAK not yet the Poet's slumber,
Ere his dream of bliss be gone,
Breathing still that sweetest number
First awaked in boyhood's dawn !

Now he dreams of her so cherish'd
In his young day-spring of thought—
Though all truth in her hath perish'd,
Still her vows forgets he not :

For see ! across his lip, full beaming,
Flows the kiss which once she gave,
Ere her soul, with fondness streaming,
Stoop'd to bathe in Falschood's wave.

And still he views her lovely, glowing
In the tints of artless youth—
But ah ! the veil of fancy flowing
Darkens o'er the madd'ning truth !

Tell him not, that she, whose brightness
O'er his hope's young blossoms shone,
Is a thing of airy lightness,
Fair to all—but true to none.

Let the Poet dream for ever—
Wake his heart to woes no more !
Who with ruthless hand would sever
Drowning wretches from their oar !

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S DREAM.

LONELY I sat, and weary,
And vainly tried to weep,
Till the night-wind, in pity,
Did lull my sense to sleep—
When before me a vision
Of beauty arose—
And I knew *him*, my lost one,
New-waked from Death's repose !

His cheek now was peaceful,
And joy was in his eye ;
While 'round him shone a glory
Clear as the sun-bathed sky :
And his smile was mild and tender,
As the hour when he died—
And in tones of Love's sweet music,
He claim'd me as his "Bride !"

Yes ! I've seen thee ! and heard thee !—
And my heart responds thy call :
Its weak pulse owns thy warning,
And waits its dying fall !
Then take me, my own treasure !
Thy pure Bride shall I be,
When the home of thy blest spirit
Is oped, to welcome me !

THE MOTHER.

(SET TO MUSIC BY CHEVALIER SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.)

THIS Ballad is founded on the following anecdote, related of the late King William IV. when a young man. "Of Prince William Henry, who was for a long time resident at Hanover, I heard a trait which does honour to his heart. One day he met a poor woman, leading in her hand a half-naked boy. 'Will you sell me your child?' asked the Prince. 'You may be a very rich gentleman,' she answered; 'but I would not take all your money in exchange for my child!' 'Why not?' said the Prince; 'Do you know, then, who I am? But come to-morrow to the Castle; and if indeed I am not in circumstances to purchase your son, at least I can provide for him.' The woman appeared the next morning as he had desired; and the Prince not only had the boy creditably educated, but promised to take him into his service, if he should prove honest and diligent."—*Matthisson's Letters*, p. 36.

"THY babe is naked, hungry, cold—
 And thou art poor and famish'd too;
 Exchange thy baby for this gold—
 'Twill buy thee bread, and clothing new."

"Sore press'd by poverty, we roam—
 My babe and I have scarce to eat;
 No friend we have, nor shelt'ring home—
 Expos'd to all the storms that beat:

And thou dost dwell in lordly hall,
 Where cold and want can ne'er intrude;
 Where riches furnish, at thy call,
 Both costly dress and dainty food:

Yet all thy gold is worthless ore—
 More dear my boy, though nurs'd in woe,
 Than all thy state, than all thy store—
 A *mother's* heart thou ill dost know."

“Thy tears rebuke my folly’s aim !
My wealth thy treasure cannot buy,
Yet shall it answer misery’s claim,
And light up pleasure in thine eye.

Beneath my care thy boy shall grow,
And thou his rising years shalt tend ;
Thy wand’rings o’er, thou yet shalt know
A home, and comfort, and a friend.”

“SWIFTER SPEED, YE DULL-PACED HOURS !”

SWIFTER speed, ye dull-paced hours !
Bring the long’d-for moment near !
Life has shed its brightest flow’rs,
Since my sweet one is not here !

In her smile the garden blooms—
Her departure makes it fade—
When she comes, the scene resumes
All its joy, in light and shade !

Swifter speed ! Impatient love
Cannot brook your cold delay !
Speed as swift as lightnings move—
Bring at once the happy day !

Then my soul regains its bliss,
Clasping her it holds so dear,
Drinking rapture in each kiss
Given from a heart sincere !

“HOW DREARY LAGS EACH HOUR OF DAY!”

How dreary lags each hour of day,
When those we love are far away !
How joyless grows each cherish'd spot,
When there we look, and find them not !

Oh ! 'tis the light of love, which pours
The sunshine o'er this world of ours,
Which makes this scene more radiant far,
Than fabled world in brightest star.

But let that precious light depart—
How dull each place—how chill'd the heart,
As if the glorious sun went down
Or quench'd his beams, at height of noon !

Such is the gloom around me spread,
Since she, my heart's bright ray, is fled—
Nature before my eye is sad,
And in my ear no sound is glad.

Oh lovely maid, whose glowing smile
Hath lit and cheer'd my path awhile,
Let thy pure beam still round me shine—
For none can warm my soul, like thine !

Be thou my ever-present light,
To put all glooms and cares to flight ;
Then peace and pleasure shall abound,
And hope's gay flowrets bloom around !

“WHY DESPOND O’ER THE JOYS THAT ARE
FLED !”

WHY despond o’er the joys that are fled,
While life still invites to new pleasure !
When the summer’s bright roses are shed,
Mellow autumn comes forth with his treasure :
Then banish repining and care ;
Be “contentment” your motto and rule :
He’s a coward, that yields to despair,
And who quarrels with hope, is a fool.

In the wine-cup of life there are lees—
But while the sweet drops we are draining,
’Twould be madness, to poison our ease
With dread of the bitter remaining :
Enjoy the pure stream while you may,
Nor throw down your cup for the rest ;
Though the draught may be mingled to-day,
When ’tis done, we shall drink of the best.

In the garland we wear, mark the hues—
Some are bright, some are dark, some are fading ;
But who the fair wreath would refuse,
For the colours that gloom in the shading ?
We’ll rejoice in its beauties, while here,
Nor pause, o’er their drooping to weep ;
And when our departure draws near,
We’ll grateful resign it, and sleep.

“BUT YESTERDAY MY HEART WAS SAD.”

BUT yesterday my heart was sad,
For joy or rest it sought in vain ;
To-day that heart is more than glad,
As flow'rs are sweetest after rain :
All its sadness
Turn'd to gladness—
Ask you, “ Whence that change doth come ? ”
'Tis that my love
No more doth rove,
Return'd to cheer my humble home !

Though gloom the waning year may shroud,
Her presence gilds the dreary scene ;
Nor o'er my spirit hangs a cloud—
There all is joyous and serene :
Her eye is bright
With love's sweet light,
And glows her breast with love's pure fire
And each fond beam
And sparkling gleam
They fix on me, her soul's desire !

Still let my place be near her side,
Still let her smile shine o'er my way ;
I'll be content, whate'er betide,
And happy spend life's longest day !

Old Time, our friend,
His aid shall lend,
To bind our hearts more close in one ;
And none shall be
More bless'd than we,
Till all this fleeting scene is done !

“LONELY AND HOMELESS.”

OH ! where shall I hide from this tempest,
Which gathers its woes round my head ?
Yet, why should I shrink from its anger,
Since all that I lov'd—are dead !
O'er my kindred the fern waves its plumage,
And the mountain-breeze moans o'er their grave,
Who their home, for their country, forsaking,
Now slumber, where fell the brave !

Here lonely and homeless I wander—
No bright star of hope cheers my way—
Ev'ry flow'r that I cherish'd, is blighted—
And I alone doom'd—to stay !—
But pass, ye dark thoughts, from my bosom !
Yet there's light in yon heav'n's for me :—
Then fearless I'll move through earth's shadows,
To meet them *there*, blest and free !

“OH CANST THOU, DEAREST, E’ER FORGET?”

OH canst thou, dearest, e’er forget
The scenes where late we used to rove,
From morning till the sun had set,
While every thought and word was love?

How rapid flew the moments then !
How soon was spent the fleeting day !
As on we went through grove and glen,
Nor cared how long or rough the way.

Canst thou forget our moonlight walk,
When one bright star bedeck’d the skies.
And as we gazed, with playful talk,
I saw still brighter in thine eyes?

Can we forget each tender word
That from our souls confiding burst,
When in each other’s ear we pour’d
The thoughts so long in secret nurs’d?

Oh never shall they leave this breast,
The dear confessions of thy tongue—
But here, in life, in death, shall rest,
To glad my heart, and tune my song !

“’TIS HARD TO PART—TO SAY FAREWELL!”

’Tis hard to part—to say “Farewell”—
To let the soul’s dear treasure go—
To check the tides that inly swell,
And bid them calmly, smoothly flow—
To turn from eyes that stream with love,
Yet prize thy look all earth above—
A pang which none but lovers know !

But when, the hours of absence o’er,
Heart pants to meet with heart again,
To meet, in hope to part no more—
And share each other’s joy and pain ;
What bliss doth then each bosom fill !
How ev’ry anxious thought grows still !
How hard our raptures to restrain !

Then weep no more !—or weep in hope,
Since nature will her feelings speak :
’Tis vain, with love’s strong law to cope—
But let not grief our spirit break !
Bright shall the hour of meeting be !
Then shall the mists of sorrow flee,
As flees the night, at dawn’s first streak !

“OH YES ! I REMEMBER WELL !”

Oh yes ! I remember well
Those words so fondly spoken—
And, more than words could tell,
Thy look, love's surest token !
I hear thee yet sobbingly speak
The secret thy bosom cherish'd ;
And behold thy soft-blushing cheek,
Though long its roses have perish'd !

Oh yes ! I remember well
Our forced and bitter parting !
No tears of anguish fell,
Though keen each heart was smarting :
Though age has supplanted our youth,
And fortune forbids our meeting,
I'll remember thy love and truth,
Till my life's last pulse is beating !

ANNA.

A SONG WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND, IN 1816.

OH ! why does the tear-drop thus steal from mine eye,
And my high-throbbing bosom heave many a sigh ?
At the bright charms of Beauty why droops my sad
heart—

And the gay smiles of Nature no pleasure impart ?—
It is not for days of my youth that are fled,
Nor yet for lost friends that this warm tear is shed—
Ah no ! 'tis for Anna, far, far from my view—
And tributes to Love are emotions so true !

Oh, where does my Anna now blaze in her charms ?—
Cease, cease, my fond heart, nor thus picture alarms !
To thee, thy fair Anna still faithful shall prove,
And absence increases the store of her love :
Then, Anna, dispel every fear from thy breast—
The season is near, when our sorrows shall rest ;
Let the bright beam of hope now illumine thine eye,
For my hour of return, dearest Anna, is nigh !

GLEE.
“FRIENDSHIP’S FESTIVE ROUND.”

WRITTEN TO THE MUSIC OF S. WEBBE’S BACCHANALIAN GLEE, “AS THE
MOMENTS ROLL ;”

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND, MR. JOSEPH TIMMINS, BIRMINGHAM.

FRIENDSHIP’S festive round
Now we’re met to share ;
Let our songs resound,
Free from strife and care :
Nor shall riot here
Shame our loudest mirth ;
Nought but modest cheer
Fits this social hearth !
Peace and contentment—joys ever new—
We’ll cherish, as we keep life’s end in view ;
While love, the star that lights our earthly way,
Points our souls’ wish to joys that ne’er decay.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE PROPHECY OF BABYLON.

(SET TO MUSIC BY CHEVALIER SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.)

CHALDÆA's proud daughter ! weep, weep for thy crime,
Ere thy fast fleeting hour of probation is spent :
In Jehovah's dark purpose there cometh a time,
When thy beauty shall perish, thy garment be rent !

Woe—woe !—'tis the voice of the prophet of God,
To Babylon shewing the deeds of His ire—
O'er the Queen of the nations He stretcheth His rod ;
No more shalt thou flourish the kingdoms' desire.

But in blackness and ruin thy house shall lie waste,
Like the cities of wrath, in the day of their fall ;
No Arab shall come, of thy fountains to taste,
No shepherd shall lodge near thy desolate wall.

Thy mansions of pride shall become the dark home,
Where the beasts of the desert in safety may dwell :
Through thy chambers of mirth, doleful monsters shall
 roam,
And thy music give place to their horrible yell.

Luxurious and lovely thy palaces seem ;

But the owl and the dragon their pleasures shall share :
For the strength of thy nobles shalt melt like a dream—
Of thy sons, or thy daughters, no remnant be there.

The mountain blast brings the rude shout to mine ear,
Of the multitudes gathered from nations afar—
To punish the wicked, their armies are here,
And the Lord's flaming banner assembles the war.

The sword of the Mede through thy people shall smite—
The blood-thirsty foe whom no bribe can allay ;
He will spurn at thy gold in the day of the fight,
And for babe, or for mother, no pity display.

Gone—gone is thy glory for ever ! thy sun
Shall be darken'd at noon, never—never to rise !
Ev'n now is thy last desolation begun ;
And oblivion o'er all thy magnificence flies.

Thrice happy for Sion, the day of thy woe !
Her yoke shall be broken—her children be free—
To their own lov'd land then thy captives shall go,
And laugh at thy idols, and triumph o'er thee.

Jehovah hath spoken ; despise not His voice :
His arm is stretch'd out—who shall turn it away ?
Then tremble, proud Babylon ! Sion, rejoice—
For in all thy captivities He is thy stay.

THE LAST TREE OF BABYLON.

“At the distance of a few paces only to the north-north-east of this mass of walls and piers, the internal spaces of which are still filled with earth and rubbish, is the famous single tree, which the natives call ‘Athelo,’ and maintain to have been flourishing in ancient Babylon.—This tree is of a kind perfectly unknown to these parts.—It is certainly of a very great age, as its trunk, which appears to have been of considerable girth, now presents only a bare and decayed half or longitudinal section, which, if found on the ground, would be thought to be rotten and unfit for any use ; yet the few branches, which still sprout out from its venerable top, are perfectly green ; and, as had been already remarked by others, as well as confirmed by our own observation, give to the passage of the wind a shrill and melancholy sound, like the whistling of a tempest through a ship’s rigging at sea. Though thus thick in the trunk, it is not more than fifteen feet high, and its branches are very few.”—*Travels in Mesopotamia, by J. S. Buckingham*, Vol. II. p. 293.

THERE stands a lonely tree on Shinar’s mount—
 No kindred stem the far-spread desert rears ;
 Scant are its leaves, and spent the juicy fount,
 Which fed its being through unnumber’d years :
 Last of a splendid race that here have stood,
 It throws an awful charm o’er ruin’s solitude.

Lone tree ! thou bear’st a venerable form—
 Shrunk, yet majestic in thy late decay—
 For not the havoc of the ruthless storm,
 Nor simoom’s blight, thus wears thy trunk away ;
 But time’s light wing, through ages long gone past,
 Hath gently swept thy side, and wasted thee at last !

Empires have risen—flourish’d—moulder’d down—
 And nameless myriads clos’d life’s fleeting dream,
 Since thou the peerless garden’s height didst crown,
 Which hung in splendour o’er Euphrates’ stream :

Fountains, and groves, and palaces were here,
And fragrance fill'd the breeze, and verdure deck'd the
year.

Here queenly steps in beauty's pride have trod :
Hence Babel's king his boastful survey took,
When to his trembling ear the voice of God
Denouncing woes to come, his spirit shook—
But all this grace and pomp hath pass'd away ;
'Tis now the wondrous story of a distant day.

How wide and far these tracks of chaos spread,
Beyond the circuit of the lab'ring eye !
Where the proud "Queen of nations" rais'd her head,
But shapeless wrecks and scenes of horror lie :
Glorious and beautiful no more ! her face
Is darkly hid in desolation's stern embrace.

Lorn as the pining widow, who doth bend
In solitary grief o'er some lov'd tomb,
Thy worn and drooping form appears to lend
A mourner's presence to this scene of doom ;
And from thy quiv'ring leaves there breathes a sound
Of sullen, hopeless wail, for death's wide waste around.

Sole living remnant of Chaldaea's pride !
Reluctant thou dost wear the garb of joy ;
Thy heart is wither'd, strength hath left thy side—
And the green tints time spareth to destroy,
Seem like the hectic flush, which brighter glows
Upon the sunken cheek, just passing from its woes.

MY LITTLE COUSIN.

A BALLAD.

This piece is a metrical version of some passages in a simple and affecting story, "The Thunder-storm," by George D. Prentice, of America.

My little cousin walk'd with me
Across the sunny hill ;
Her look, her step, was light with glee,
And all things 'round were still.

The leaves were silent in the woods,
The waters in the bay ;
But one remain'd, of all the clouds—
It was so calm a day :

One peaceful cloud reposed in light—
And that so pure and mild,
It seem'd with infant beauty bright,
And harmless as the child.

We look'd upon the gay, green earth,
And the blue, boundless sea,
Or listen'd to the warblers' mirth—
And frolick'd fearlessly.

At noon it changed—a dark cloud threw
Its folds around the peak ;
Far, hollow moanings louder grew,
As waves in caverns break.

High on the winds the tempest rush'd—
Yet all below was still ;
The waters slept, the leaves were hush'd,
While darkness wrapp'd the hill.

My little cousin check'd her play,
To hear the thunder growl :
She wept for home—'twas far away—
She fear'd the tempest's howl.

And now the storm came overhead ;
It thrill'd my cousin's frame :
She clung to me with shudd'ring dread,
And pointed to the flame.

It quiver'd on the peak aloft—
We stood beneath its shade !
As amethyst, 'twas blue and soft,
But fearfully it play'd—

A moment's play—and then it burst—
How horrible the crash !
As if the universe, accur'd,
Groan'd 'neath the Avenger's lash !

It smote me down, entranced and blind—
And long I lay as dead :
And when I waked, still moan'd the wind,
But all its wrath was fled.

To find my cousin then I strove :

Calm as in sleep she lay—

I loved her as pure infants love,

She was so sweet and gay !

And now she lay before my sight,

Stretch'd on the cold, wet heath ;

In clusters hung her ringlets bright,

Her brow still glow'd beneath.

Her look of terror, it was gone—

Her infant smile had come—

The rosy tints still linger'd on,

As when we left our home.

The kerchief on her neck was rent ;

And on her breast of snow

One small, dark spot, where death had sent

The shaft that laid her low.

Since then, long years have come, and pass'd,

On wings of light and shade ;

But never is that scene effaced—

I feel, it cannot fade !

And oft I weep with joy, to think

My little cousin's blest,

No more from lightning's blaze to shrink,

Or feel it pierce her breast !

She's gone, where her Almighty Sire
Awakes no tempest loud ;
She smiles, where lurks no blasting fire
Behind the rainbow-cloud.

A MEDITATION.

THE fragile leaf that floats upon the wave,
May reach, through many a storm, the distant strand ;
While the proud bark, which dared its pow'r to brave,
A shatter'd wreck, in fragments strews the sand.

The tender form which bends to sorrow's blast,
Oft rears its head and smiles, when woes are spent ;
While the stern heart, unyielding to the last,
Strains against grief, and in the strife is rent.

So modest virtue by temptations tried,
Turns from the foe, and shuns destruction's brink ;
But rash presumption, boastful in his pride,
Rushes to meet the peril—and to sink.

In doubtful scenes, oh, be that spirit mine,
Which sways with humble hope the Christian's breast !
So shall I to my God my course resign,
And pass through storms of earth to heav'nly rest.

THE PAST.

I TURN my thoughts from passing scenes away,
And close my eye on living forms, to trace
The memory of many a vanish'd day,
The cherish'd lines of many an absent face.

Mournful—yet dear—the record of the past—
And dearer still, because 'tis mark'd with grief!
It tells of early flow'rs, that would not last,
Of joys and hopes, frail as the trembling leaf.

It speaks of friends, o'er whom the turf is spread,
Friends of my youth—in various climes they rest!
Like visions of a dream, it brings the dead
Before my view, in living graces dress'd.

I love to greet in memory's field of light,
Those spirits pure, belov'd in former years;
Their presence puts each earthly care to flight,
And gives a hallow'd pleasure to my tears.

But sweeter, holier far, to meet above—
The living with the living, deathless, pure—
To meet in sinless realms of peace and love,
Whose joys are endless, and whose hopes are sure.

Rapt in the glorious scene, my soul resolves
To tread the path the pious dead have trod;
That every toil I bear, each season that revolves,
May bring me nearer to the saints with God.

NOAH'S PRAYER OF SACRIFICE.

GOD of the mighty waters ! strong to spread
The wasteful deluge o'er the mountains' head ;
Whose voice hath bid the raging flood subside ;
Whose piercing beams the cumbrous clouds divide :
Thee we adore ! a remnant spar'd by Thee,
Their great Preserver bless on humbled knee—
No tongues but ours remain, to praise the Lord,
Nor shall they silent be, but glad His love record.

Kindred of them, whose graves are in the deep,
Swept from the earth, like forms that pass in sleep—
Sinful and frail, we tremble at Thy might,
Prevailing thus the impious to requite :
Thy awful judgments pour'd upon their race,
Have made the sea's abyss their dwelling-place—
While we have found sweet favour in Thine eyes,
Unworthy of the love which aids our cries ;
For troubled thoughts within, our guilt proclaim,
And with our transports mingle grief and shame.

While 'round us spread the wrecks of that fair world,
Which smil'd upon our birth—thus torn, and hurl'd
In shapeless, wild confusion, like the scene
Which lay beneath Thy view, ere light had been,
Or chaos took a form ;—while o'er the earth,
So lately fill'd with life, and crime, and mirth,
Now death's deep silence reigns, and all around
Ruins of those that were, oppress the ground ;

Our awe-struck souls Thy pow'rful arm confess,
Display'd in terrors o'er this wilderness.
But not o'er us its whelming wrath hath roll'd,
Thy foes alone its prey, in outrage bold :
In this small household, thoughtless oft and vain,
Thy name was holy, and Thy ways were plain ;
Nor Thou severe to judge, or never more
Our hearts should throb, to tell Thy wonders o'er :
Thine eye our frailties and our trials sees,
And mercy spar'd us, for the wish to please.
Jehovah's name our rock shall ever be,
For Thou art true, and safety comes from Thee ;
Deep in our mem'ry rests Thy saving love,
And hope survives, sustain'd by God above.

Warn'd by Thy voice the tents of sin to fear,
When none would pause from crime, their God to hear,
Thy servant bow'd in faith—nor vainly bow'd :
When floods foredoom'd broke forth from cave and cloud,
With swift destruction through the valleys swept,
Nor wall, nor rock their rage could intercept—
His ark of refuge slept upon the wave,
O'er-watch'd by Thee, omnipotent to save.
Oh ! ne'er can be effac'd that hour of fear,
When all Thy threaten'd woes burst thund'ring on the ear :
We heard the torrents from heav'n's floodgates fall,
And yawning caverns answer to their call—
The ruptur'd mountains crashing down the steep,
Bearing their frantic thousands to the deep—
We heard the gurgling of the rock-pent surge,
Struggling through secret clefts its way to urge ;

And piercing death-shrieks, mix'd with curses loud,
As the out-gushing waters 'whelm'd the crowd—
Dismay'd we heard the tumult and the cry,
In darkness thought upon our God on high ;
His word of promise fed in ev'ry heart
The light of hope, and bade our fears depart :
He, who had giv'n the swelling tides to chafe,
Had pledg'd His truth, to keep His servants safe.

And now Jehovah's arm his word fulfils,
Bares to the welcome sun the drownéd hills,
Restores our feet to earth, our eyes to light,
And pours new wonders on our trembling sight.
Thou hast remember'd us in scenes of dread,
When desolations o'er the earth were spread—
To Thee, our Saviour-God, this altar burns,
To Thee, each humbled spirit grateful turns !
With pleasing savour may our offerings rise,
And bear our joyful praises to the skies—
And give—oh ! give an answer to our pray'r,
That Thou wilt ever-more Thy people spare ;
Wilt ever-more the deep's vast waters bind,
From rushing forth to waste our world, our kind ;
Wilt bless our household, and our children guide
In ways of peace, afar from sin and pride !
Lowly we wait, Thy new commands to hear—
Jehovah's name our souls shall still revere.

WITHERED BLOSSOMS.

THE blossoms are wither'd ! we tread o'er their form,
On the plain as we pass, without care for them now ;
In their frailty they met the rude shock of the storm,
And they dropp'd, unprotected, unwept, from the bough.

But lately we gaz'd on their beauties, and pray'd
That the sunbeam would cherish and ripen their bloom ;
And we hoped, ah how vainly, for see where they fade !
'Twould be long ere the garden should lose their
perfume.

Thus often young Genius is prais'd and caress'd,
While his morning of promise is splendid and gay ;
And bright seem his prospects of fame and of rest,
Till the blast of detraction sweeps over his way.

Alas ! how the world views the fallen with scorn—
How it heedlessly tramples the withering mind !
Forgotten the charms which attracted at morn,
All its worth, all its hopes, are to darkness consign'd.

How dull and unfeeling the hearts of the crowd,
To the pinings of Virtue in misery's hour !
In the reign of her sunshine they greet her aloud,
But leave her neglected when storms overpow'r.

The many will tread on the best of their race,
When ruin's sharp blight o'er their prospects has blown;
Or coldly will gaze on the sufferer's face,
And pass on their way, without pity or moan.

Oh, court not the smiles of the world; they are vain!
Nor trust in its promises, fear not its strife;
But cherish thy conscience through sorrow and pain,
And confide in that Being, whose favour is life:

For He who decrees a new spring to appear,
To adorn the sear bough with its splendours once more,
Will cause joy to arise from each struggle and tear,
And thy leaf to be green when life's winter is o'er.

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS SWORD.

A WARRIOR stood in the lonely vale—
From recent fields of blood he came;
Though sunk his eye, his cheek though pale,
He well had earn'd the soldier's fame.

Yet seem'd he not like warrior flush'd
With joy and pride in victory's hour;
His shout of triumph now was hush'd—
He quak'd beneath a secret pow'r.

His sword upon the ground was flung,
His tried companion in the fray—
And mournful spake his trembling tongue,
While scalding tears roll'd fast away :

“Detested instrument of crime !
The earth shall hide *thy* bloody stains ;
But what the art—or where the clime,
Can screen the guilt my soul retains ?

“I feel the wild delirium gone,
Which fir'd till now my youthful brain ;
I see the light of reason dawn—
And slumbering conscience wakes again.

“I dream'd not of a scene of gore,
When glory's visions mock'd my eye !
I thought not of a corse-heap'd shore,
When rous'd with hopes of victory !

“I deem'd not, that the murderer's deed
Repeated oft, was honour's boast !
Nor fancied, that where thousands bleed,
The soldier's pride should revel most !

“The spell is broke !—A field is won—
And where we strove, seek valour's prize :
'Tis where the vulture's feast's begun—
Where many a gasping hero lies.

“Thou crimson’d steel ! I lay thee low,
To rust in this untrodden glen ;
To purchase kingdoms with a blow,
I would not wield thy blade again !

“How shall I still the orphan’s cry,
Which calls my deeds to heaven’s bar ?
How from the widow’s curses fly,
Whose sounds shall haunt me from afar ?

“And in that dreadful day to come,
When all the works of men are tried,
Will then this voice of blood be dumb ?
Shall I find grace, who grace denied ?

“But He above has mercy still—
Repentance meets His pitying eye :
Remorse my weary life shall fill,
And God will hear my frequent cry !”

The warrior pass’d—his trembling frame
Lodg’d a resolve, which saints might share ;
His pallid cheek shew’d hope’s young flame—
May Heaven speed that warrior’s pray’r !

THE REMONSTRANCE.

NAY ! look not for beauty, where once it was bright,
When her eye's youthful glance was thy heart's dearest
light ;

For the pride of the garden will speed to decay ;
And the sweetest of seasons will vanish away ;
The fairest of landscapes night's pall will o'erspread ;
And the blooming—the blooming oft pass to the dead.

Then hope not to find on the once glowing cheek,
The tints that were pure as the morn's early streak ;
The blush of the dawn will not stay for the noon ;
And the freshness of youth will be alter'd as soon—
The finger of sorrow hath stray'd o'er that face
In the days of thy absence, and stolen its grace.

Thou knowest, how care will the youthful consume,
As the canker-worm feeds on the tenderest bloom—
How, silent and constant, grief wears the fond heart,
Ere the days of its pride and its glory depart :
Then wonder not thus at the change in a form
Which has bow'd meekly patient, to many a storm.

The tree may have shed all its blossoms so fair,
Yet the fruit and the fragrance may still linger there :
Then turn not away from the love of thy youth,
While her heart bears the treasures of virtue and truth—
If affection, so tried, so neglected, remain,
Go, cherish it dearly—nor spurn it again.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

Now in the deepest hour of night,
While sinks the moon, and sleeps the wind,
When light-wing'd slumbers take their flight,
What solemn thoughts steal o'er the mind !

How sweet to meditate on Thee,
Bless'd Guardian of my peaceful bed ;
Before whose view night's shadows flee,
Whose arm of pow'r is o'er me spread !

This hour of stillness is Thine own ;
No cares intrude, no passions swell—
I feel myself with Thee, alone,
And still with Thee, my God, would dwell.

The world's tumultuous din is spent,
No sounds I hear of strife or woe ;
Unbroken peace and sweet content,
Like Eden's waters, 'round me flow.

Oh ! could I breathe a calm like this,
In ev'ry scene my feet must trace ;
The earth would yield no purer bliss,
But prove a heav'n in ev'ry place !

This may not be—some clouds will fall,
With lowering aspect o'er my way ;
Yet, faith in Thee will beam through all,
Which cheers ev'n midnight with its ray.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER HAVING WITNESSED THE DYING MOMENTS
OF AN ENDEARED YOUNG FRIEND.

THERE play'd a smile on the pale, young face,
Where the hand of death was stealing ;
And her bright eye gaz'd on vacant space,
As if heav'n were its bliss revealing.

And I heard her tongue speak an angel's name,
To welcome his peaceful greeting ;
While her cheek was flush'd with joy's high flame,
But, the pulse more faintly was beating.

I beheld that lov'd one sink to rest,
Like a wearied seraph sleeping ;—
And hers is the sleep of the pure and blest,
Whence she'll wake without pain or weeping.

I look'd on the mourning friends around—
Their tears were not those of anguish ;
But their voices whispered a grateful sound,
When they saw her no longer languish.

And I listen'd to hear a parent's tongue,
Speak words of pious trusting ;
O'er the grave of a child, so pure, so young,
Faith beam'd, though the heart was bursting.

Oh yes ! there's a world more sure, more bright,
Than this valley of pain and sorrow,
Where again we shall meet in eternal light,
When we wake on the glorious morrow !

JOSEPH STURGE'S WELCOME HOME.

(COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF THE PUBLIC BREAKFAST IN THE TOWN-HALL
OF BIRMINGHAM, ON TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1837, IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS
SAFE RETURN FROM HIS PHILANTHROPIC VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES.)

HIGH in the scroll, with Clarkson's fame adorn'd,
Rich with the records of the toils and praise
Of them who labour'd in the Negro's cause,
'Tis ours to add another honour'd name,
The name of STURGE—our townsman, and our friend.

The wreaths the warrior wins in scenes of blood,
Are not the wreaths to deck thy head ; for such
Must droop and wither, when the light of truth
Falls on their sullied leaves, or conscience lifts
Her torch, to pry into their boasted worth.
Thy triumphs all are won by peace and love ;
Thy laurels grow in holy soil, in hearts
That beat in sympathy with thine, and own
One Father's image in each human form :
Thine cannot droop—the light of truth but shews
Their fadeless bloom, and conscience holds them dear,
Until exchang'd for that bright crown, the sons
Of peace shall wear, full in their Father's smile.

Thou read'st no lines upon a brother's brow,
That mark him for a slave—thou know'st him MAN,
And claim'st him for thy equal and thy kin :
With thee no partial law, no tyrant's plea,
No heartless maxim from the sophist's tongue,
Prevails, to cancel rights by God and nature fix'd.
Created free—with reason, feeling, bless'd—
Call'd to partake Religion's bounteous feast—
His mind, a germ of life and pow'r, design'd
To bud and blossom in his being's spring,
And yield, when harvest comes, immortal fruit—
Thou could'st not look unmoved upon the deed,
That spoils man's moral freedom, treads in dust
His right to think and act as self-controll'd,
Debars his access to the inviting gate
Of knowledge fair which God hath oped for all,
And wastes the precious seed which in his soul
Should grow and ripen, shedding fragrance now
And beauty o'er his path of pilgrimage,
And dropping balm of purest joy and bliss,
To feed his spirit when his journey's done.

Long didst thou weep, to see the Negro's wrongs
And woes : nor vainly didst thou pine, as one
O'ercome, despairing of redress, but, fired
With love of right, confiding in the pow'r
Of heav'n-born Justice to assert her claims,
Thou wandered'st afar, sweet Mercy's envoy,
To visit, cheer, relieve oppression's thralls,
And pour the soothing oil of sympathy
O'er wounds that cannot close till Justice works the cure.

Through perils hast thou pass'd, fearless, unharm'd,
To bring to Britons' ears the thrilling tale
That speaks their griefs, and stir the indignant hearts
Of freemen all, to vindicate their cause.
Such hearts *we* bring thee to support thy aim :
Prizing our liberty above all price,
A gem too rich to barter for the wealth
Of worlds, and reverencing in man the stamp
Of freedom, heav'n-imprinted in his soul—
We consecrate our hopes and acts, with thine,
To his high cause ; and, as the first-fruits
Of our great resolves, we bring thee here our thanks,
The thanks unbribed, of honest British hearts,
With welcome warm and free, to STURGE our friend,
The friend of Justice, Liberty, and Peace.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

AN awful tempest wraps the scene,
So lately joyous and serene ;
Thick clouds its beauties overcast,
And thunders mingle with the blast :
Quick pours the rain, with torrent's force,
Chilling and wasting in its course.
Now fiercer grows the strife of storms—
Rous'd ocean takes his wildest forms ;
The wrathful elements engage,
And man's frail works shall feel their rage.

See ! where the distant surges dash,
Now vivid with the lightning's flash—
Oh, there are men within the pow'r
Of that dark gulf in such an hour !
I saw their bark, in that broad light,
Which pass'd, and left a deeper night :
I saw her on the billow rise—
The next wave swept her from my eyes ;
Again the glare reveal'd her form,
In desp'rate conflict with the storm :
Another flash—I see no more,
But the huge breakers on the shore—
Oh ! who can hear the seaman's cry,
Through this wild tumult of the sky !
Or who the swimmer's hand can reach,
Through the black surf, that sweeps yon beach !

The storm is past—the thunder still—
The winds are silent on the hill ;
Through opening clouds the sunbeam glides,
Reflected now from placid tides ;
So calm the air, that not a breath
Is echo'd from yon cliffs of death :
Bright smiles return to nature's face,
And joy resumes its wonted place—
But not the sleepers 'neath the wave,
Nor hearts, whose hopes are in *their* grave,
Can feel the cheering ray, that warms
This tranquil scene, the late abode of storms.

LINES ON AN INFANT, RECOVERING FROM
SICKNESS.

How pure and holy is the smile
That plays around the infant's face !
How dear each little, simple wile,
To win its parents' fond embrace !

How sweet the music of its voice
To stir the soul, and soothe its care !
Its prattle makes the heart rejoice,
As do the spring-songs of the air.

Oh, lovely, blessed is the pow'r
Which God 'round infancy has spread,
To shield it in its feeblest hour,
And guard with loves its tiny bed !

Dear babe, whose soft and winning glee
Now folds its spell around my breast,
May heav'nly grace watch over thee,
And those whose pray'r in thee is blest !

May health strew roses o'er thy cheek,
And fill thy limbs with strength and joy ;
And, as they watch each artless freak,
Thy parents clasp and kiss their boy !

Happy and long thy sojourn here—
Peaceful and bright thy onward way—
And still parental love be near,
To make thy life one sunny day !

YOUTH AND BEAUTY THE PREY OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

—— OFTTIMES he strikes with fatal aim
The graces of the youthful frame ;
And wastes with chilling touch, the fruit
That grows on beauty's choicest shoot :
For what reck's he of beauty's fall,
Who dooms one bed of dust to all !

I've seen him taint the purest streak,
That e'er gave blush to maiden's cheek ;
And bow to earth the tender form,
Not yet expos'd to sorrow's storm :
Health seem'd to revel in her smile,
It play'd so bright and free ; but while
We gaz'd and thought of ripening bloom,
The spoiler mark'd her for the tomb—
As fades the rainbow in the sky,
Soon as its glories fix the eye,
She pass'd—but lovely still in memory !

I saw her when her hour was near—
She knew, it brought an early bier :
But though the scenes of life were new,
Which now must vanish from her view,
Though joys, which hope had pictur'd nigh,
Like dreams, must pass untasted by,
And friendship's flow'ry paths be left,
And the heart, of its earthly loves be reft—
Without a pang, the prospect fled ;
Nor fear, nor gloom, arose instead :
For her cheek could smile, though its hue was wan,
And her eye be bright, though its fire was gone.
Her soul was pure—her trust was God,
With whom her short, still course she trod ;
And she look'd to heav'n for a happier sphere,
And surer joys, than were promis'd here.
The dark'ning vale before her spread—
Her stainless spirit long'd to go,
Sigh'd for the home to which it led,
And shrunk not from the gloom below.
Gently as steals the zephyr's breath,
She moved through life, meek virtue's guest ;
Calm, fearless, beautiful in death,
She pass'd, as infants to their rest.
If thus in blooming youth the pure can die,
What must their triumphs be, when rais'd on high !

THE PARTING HOUR.

WHEN Fancy paints the parting hour,
So dreaded, and so near,
What is this strong, persuasive pow'r,
That bids me linger here?

Why breathes my soul the secret pray'r,
When absence chills the scene,
That where thou art, there, only there,
My happier lot had been?

Ah tell me, why, in sleep's still reign,
When Memory loves to dream,
Why hangs the bright, illusive chain
On thee, its only theme?

Oft as thy name with magic sound
Arrests my raptured ear,
Why leaps my heart with quicker bound—
Why starts the ready tear?

From splendid Beauty's kindling eye
My look indifferent strays—
But, is thy gentler presence by?
It fixes all my gaze.

Then say,—while thus, beneath thy pow'r,
My breast such feelings move—
What makes me dread the parting hour?
Ah tell me—is it Love?

A WINTER REFLECTION.

THE flow'rs of spring long since are dead ;
The summer's bloom is past ;
And autumn's varied tints are fled,
Before stern winter's blast.

And may not thus each blossom fall,
Which I have fondly rear'd ?
And may not thus be wasted, all
To hope, to love endear'd ?

While o'er these wither'd leaves I tread,
Emblems of joys decay'd,
Their fate reminds me of the dead,
And shews how I must fade.

Thus shall my days of pride be gone,
Ere many seasons roll ;
And other scenes move darkly on,
To tempt and vex my soul.

Let changes come ! I'll wait the close,
With patient, tranquil breast :
No withering blasts that region knows,
Where happy spirits rest.

A SPRING REFLECTION.

PASS'D is the winter's wrath,
And smiling spring appears :
The gloom which hung o'er nature's face,
Dissolves away in tears.

The earth puts forth her buds,
And fields and groves rejoice ;
And every heart exults, to hear
Awaken'd nature's voice.

So pass the darken'd scenes,
Which earthly sorrows bring ;
So faith exults, when Love Divine
Makes good from ill to spring.

The soul resign'd to God,
Hopes on, through storm and gloom,
For that blest season in the heav'ns,
Whose flow'rs for ever bloom.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF "A STRANGER," ON READING A MANUSCRIPT
VOLUME OF HER POEMS.

SWEET minstrel ! strike the harp again !
Beneath thy touch it loves to swell :
And softly breathe that feeling strain,
So early sung—and oh, how well !

"No greeting paid ?"—Fair lady, stay,
And list a kindred Muse's song ;
For all the Muses, poets say,
To one bright sisterhood belong.

Then let my Muse her birthright claim,
And speak familiar to thine ear ;
And oh ! forget the "Stranger's" name,
While she, thy sister, calls thee here.

Resign not yet thy harp's employ,
While every string in tune is set ;
While every feeling throbs with joy,
Thy minstrel charge resign not yet.

Oh, never may that fountain cease,
Whose stream o'erflowing swells thy song ;
Nor waft a note but those of peace,
As life's smooth current rolls along.

Sing on—nor heed the critic's frown,
Nor rashly fling thy harp away—
No censures rude thy notes can drown,
While simple Nature prompts thy lay.

But ah ! beware the flatterer's praise,
Who bids thee strike thy notes too high—
The morn may rise in golden rays,
Yet meet, ere long, a clouded sky.

Sing of the roses "Virtue" rears,
To strew the path of life along—
Though bright her form, she still appears
To gain new beauties from thy song.

"Hope," sweet enchantress, thou hast sung,
In all her charms so richly dress'd ;
Oh ! may her dreams, for ever young,
Awake to real in thy breast !

"Affection's" raptures, how supreme !
How richly glowing in thy line !
Again resume the magic theme—
And may its every bliss be thine !

Thy song is right—where virtues blend,
Dark "Solitude" is never known ;
As long as worth shall claim a friend,
Thou ne'er canst feel thyself "alone" !

Lady, adieu ! May every bliss
Thy Muse describes, thy portion be :
And be my parting tribute this,
The offering of sincerity—

Calm be the air that breathes around
Thy sun-bright bow'r of youthful hope ;
And may no canker-worm be found
To mar thy rose-buds ere they ope !

HOPE.

How would the seaman's ardour die,
When 'round his bark the tempests roar,
If raging waves and angry sky,
Forbade the hope of distant shore !

How soon the exil'd trav'ller sink,
Exhausted by the tedious road,
Did not he scorn his toils, to think
Of welcome to his far abode !

How would life's pilgrim early droop,
With weary frame, and care-worn breast,
If doom'd beneath his woes to stoop,
Uncheer'd by hope of coming rest !

BIRTHDAY VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

ON each returning natal morn,
While joy and hope possess thy breast,
Bethink thee, for what end thou'rt born—
For earthly duties, heav'nly rest.

And while parental love is near,
To fold thee in its fond caress,
Still to thy heart that faith be dear—
“God is thy Father, kind to bless.”

Should o'er thy mind the question pass
In serious thought, “How old am I?”
Consult thy friend Religion's glass,
And she this answer will supply—

“'Tis not by years true life we gauge,
But by the fruits their seasons bring ;
Then let thy wisdom mark thy age,
And from each year new virtues spring :

“So shall thy parents, friends, unite
To cheer thy progress on the way
To that bless'd home, where no deep night
Shall close upon thy natal day !”

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND

ON THE MORNING OF HER MARRIAGE.

ERE yet thou leav'st the peaceful, shelter'd spot,
Where parents, brothers, shrine thee in their love,
To share and bless through life another's lot,
And through the world's deep-mingled scenes to move—
Upon the threshold Friendship lifts her voice,
To pour her pray'r, and in thy bliss rejoice.

Oh, may thy path be smooth, thy day be bright,
As Hope now paints them to thy joy-lit eye ;
And still thy spirit walk in heav'nly light,
Which shews a Friend, a Father, ever nigh !
So, should a cloud descend, or trouble rise,
For every trial shall His help suffice.

Crown'd with our blessings as a cherish'd bride,
Thou quitt'st thy home, where happy sped thy youth ;
Still be domestic virtues all thy pride,
Thy ornaments, simplicity and truth ;
And make thy own, wise Mary's "better part,"
Who gave to Christian duty all her heart.

Already fleets in haste thy bridal morn !
So life shall speed with silent pace away :
But let each hour its needful works adorn,
And time may waste, but cannot bring decay—
It bears thee nearer to thy home above,
Where reigns eternal joy with universal love.

INNOCENCE AND VIRTUE,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM, IN ANSWER TO HER QUESTION, "WHAT IS
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM?"

How pure and tranquil is the breast,
Where Innocence resides !
As placid as the ring-dove's nest,
Where gentlest love abides !

In sweet seclusion guarded well
Ere life's calm seasons cease,
No strifes within her bosom swell,
No passions waste her peace.

But ah ! too fragile is her form,
To bear temptation's might !
She sinks before the ruthless storm,
In helpless, woful plight.

'Tis Virtue only, is prepared
To battle with her foes :
Oft the world's contest she has shared,
And all its perils knows.

Strong in religion's trustful arms,
She goes at duty's call,
And fearless moves amidst alarms,
And stands where thousands fall.

Let Virtue take her sister's part,
Sweet Innocence to guard ;
And both shall 'scape sin's fatal dart,
And heav'n their loves reward.

LINES ON A NEW-BORN BABE,

FEBRUARY 14, 1844.

SWEET bud of many tender hopes, o'er thee
May Heav'n's enriching dews of grace descend,
That thou may'st grow a strong and fruitful tree,
To bless thy natal scene, the world befriend !

May thy young spring be saved from every blight !
Thy summer bear, through every storm, its bloom !
Thy autumn treasures, rich in pure delight,
Thy winter cheer, till life its spring resume !

And, when thy earthly seasons all are past,
May'st thou, transplanted to the realms above,
Amidst thy kindred race enjoy at last,
A fadeless paradise of light and love !

A VALENTINE,

ADDRESSED TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL, WHO WAS REPORTED
TO POSSESS AN UNAMIABLE TEMPER.

LOVE is ever round us flying,
Seeking on what heart to light—
Nought but smiles, with beauty vying,
Can the charming boy invite.

In the pure and gentle bosom,
He delights to rear his throne :—
If you frown, you're sure to lose him,
Never to return, when flown.

Should your smiles and beauty charm him,
Constant he will ever prove :
If one sullen glance alarm him,
You may bid farewell to Love.

Let the moral then improve thee
In the art of pleasing still ;
And thy Valentine must love thee,
Be thy fortunes what they will !

A VALENTINE,

WRITTEN AT COLLEGE, FOR A FRIEND.

AH ! why so bright beams Anna's eye,
To fire this aching heart,
If Anna's bosom heave no sigh,
To own a kindred smart ?

Why should that glance, so fraught with love,
My trembling bosom thrill,
If yet her breast no passion move !
Must I be hopeless still ?

Oh Anna ! by the truth that glows
In Erin's daughters pure,
Grant this torn heart to find repose,
If thine be yet secure—

But if an equal ecstasy,
Like this, be felt in thine—
Bestow that heart of truth on me,
And bless your Valentine.

A NEW-YEAR GREETING.

THE course of Time unceasing moves,
And swift the uncounted moments fly ;
And every passing season proves,
That we are born to bloom, and die.

Within the circle of thy friends
See what a breach a year hath made !
Ere one short year its circuit ends,
Youth, Wit, and Beauty low are laid !

Search now thy heart—in it review
The page unread by mortal eye,
Where all thy thoughts—thy wishes too—
In Memory's scroll recorded lie.

How many tears have dimm'd thy cheek
Since the last year began its course ?
How many sighs have learn'd to break
From thy warm heart, their purest source ?

How often has thy bosom glow'd
When Love with kind indulgence shone ;
And from thine eye what rapture flow'd,
Illum'd by hope's enlivening dawn ?

If sad thy lot—in Time confide,
The gentle soother of our woes—
He'll drive thy sorrows from thy side,
Or stop the fountain whence they rose.

Or if the sympathetic charm
Of mutual love thy breast subdue,
Time will dispel each envious storm,
Which parts the souls that love so true.

May Heav'n far hence the year remove,
That bids thy bosom heave its last !
And may each year successive prove
More sweet, more happy than the past !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE FRONTISPIECE OF A YOUNG LADY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

SMALL though Affection's gifts may be,
Still treasure them within thy heart ;
For they will yield a joy to thee,
When those thou lov'st, are far apart.

The "Scraps" that in these pages lie,
May trifles seem to others' view ;
But to recording Friendship's eye,
They're valued proofs of kindness true.

Let none despise the crumbs of bread,
Or scorn Truth's slightest word, as vain :
Remember what the Saviour said—
"Gather the fragments that remain."

MORTALITY.

I SHALL not live for ever here—

Nor these bright scenes of hope remain—
Nor those I love, be always near,
To share each fleeting joy and pain !

As healthful and as gay as I,
Were many, now within the tomb—
They rose with me, but there they lie,
Nipp'd in the promise of their bloom !

The old and young are mingled there—
The infant with its mother's clay ;
And loud their epitaphs declare,
That mortals cannot boast a day !

All, all must yield to Death's stern pow'r,
Perhaps the dearest, first to fall !
And when I note the coming hour,
My own that hour I dare not call !

Haply the grave shall be my bed,
Ere thus my kindred's fate I weep,
Where rests full many a younger head
In the last, long, unbroken sleep !

But though each gift that Heav'n doth lend,
Shall Time transform and Death remove,
Yet shall I find in God a Friend,
And changeless blessings in His love !

“AND IS MY LOVE SO SOON TO GO?”

A SONG.

AND is my Love so soon to go,
And leave my heart to mourn?
How dull the hours will move, and slow,
Till back she doth return!
How chang'd will ev'ry scene appear,
When her dear form's away!
So winter's gloom steals o'er the year
When its sweet flow'rs decay.

When I shall look her face to meet
Where she was wont to be,
No beaming smile my eye will greet,
No love-glance answer me!
And when I list, to catch that tone
Which oft hath cheer'd my mind,
No sounds I'll hear, but autumn's moan,
Or midnight's howling wind!

Yet shall my heart still sacred keep
Her image pictured fair;
And ever, while I wake or sleep,
Shall trace her beauty there.
Then haste, dear maid, to glad my eyes
With thy lov'd sight again—
For at thy presence sorrow flies,
And sooth'd is ev'ry pain.

LINES

COMPOSED IN THE GROUNDS OF A FRIEND, AT BEESTON, NEAR
NOTTINGHAM, IN SEPTEMBER, 1842.

WHEN you survey this beauteous scene,
So wide outspread to charm the eye,
With grateful heart and mind serene,
Bow to its Author throned on high.

His love in ev'ry object beams,
From which your soul extracts delight ;
He clothes the hills, He feeds the streams,
And strews the flow'rs which glad your sight.

And ev'n when Art with Nature vies
To raise a grace unseen before,
'Twas He who bade that taste arise
Which adds a charm to Nature's store.

But while in peace you daily roam
Where endless beauties point your road,
Remember, this is not your home—
With God, in heaven, is your abode.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SCRAP-BOOK,

WRITTEN BENEATH A REPRESENTATION OF DIOGENES, LOOKING
FOR AN HONEST MAN.

HERE do I sit with my mirror and lamp,
To study mankind as they pass ;
And if you are one of the free, honest stamp,
You may look without fear in my glass.

The heart true to nature, will nature admire,
In ocean-scene, landscape, or man ;
Nor soon of the modest and simple will tire,
Nor harshly slight failings will scan :

But spoil'd by false taste, or by fashion, or pride,
It runs after the brilliant and gay ;
While poor lowly worth it will spurn and deride,
It is caught by a gaudy display.

Come ! look in my glass at the scenes I reveal,
While I fix my keen eye on your face—
If you're pleas'd with the good, I shall mark how you feel ;
If you blame them, I'll note your disgrace.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

THE wing of the eagle, outstretch'd in its flight,
Impetuous sweeps through the regions of air,
And cleaves the dark clouds as it soars from the sight,
Not leaving a token its track to declare.

As fleet do the scenes of our youth speed away,
Till the shades of oblivion between us have pass'd—
'Tis the doom of earth's blessings—they will not delay,
And life is not given, for ever to last.

But not like the air, which retains not a trace
Where the proud bird of light on his journey has gone—
The heart's deep affection no change can efface ;
Its image abides where it ever has shone.

EARTH'S VANITY.

OH ! tell me not this world's my home !
For here I cannot rest :
My ardent spirit longs to roam
To scenes more pure and bless'd.

Though varied charms the earth contains,
To raise and soothe the heart,
Its pleasures all are mix'd with pains—
The best may leave a smart :

And though its scenes sometimes are bright
With happiness and peace,
Its fairest visions take their flight—
The brightest, first to cease.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

It is a fearful time, when night sets in
And finds the wave-toss'd vessel far from shore,
Straining amidst the fury and the din
Of mighty waters :—though day-light is o'er,
The labours with the sun commenc'd, press sore
And constant on the hardy seaman then—
Else who may hope to see the morning more,
Or those he loves at home to greet again !

Now darker grows the Ocean's face—the storm
Reigns uncontroll'd across the boundless deep :
Save when the sinking billow shews the form
Of some far glimmering beacon on the steep,
No light directs how we our course may keep.
Sure death is his, who dares the deck to tread,
Reeling like drunken man arous'd from sleep,
As now the bark flits o'er the surge's head,
Now plunges down the gulf, with lightning's swiftness
sped.

OLD ROWNEY THE RHYMER.

OLD Rowney the Rhymer gives greeting to all
Whose eyes on his verses may thoughtfully fall ;
He writes not for critics who scan by the rule,
Nor for students whose lore is all learned at the school ;
But for those who, like him, make the wide world their
book,
And pick up their knowledge in highway or nook :
For the people, his brothers, his rude lines are penn'd,
And the spirit which prompts them is that of a friend.

Old Rowney the Rhymer was taught in his youth,
To love but the right, and to speak but the truth :
A Mother's bland precepts these lessons instill'd,
And the words which she spoke her own actions fulfill'd—
And though in the church-yard long years she has slept,
As fresh as in childhood their memory is kept,
For ne'er comes his duty, 'midst peril or care,
But her voice gently whispers—"Do right—nor despair !"

Old Rowney the Rhymer has nothing to boast
Of his rank or his lineage—though noble as most ;
For he comes of the stock of old Adam and Eve—
If others claim nobler, they only deceive—
And, like his grand parents who delved and who spun,
His birth-right is labour with each rising sun—
A higher or richer no mortal can win,
If his heart bear contentment and virtue within.

Old Rowney the Rhymer owns nothing of wealth,
But a mine of good spirits, a fountain of health ;
With that mine and that fount, though his earnings are
scant,

He still has a something for him that's in want :
For he runs up no scores, but clears proudly his way,
Making ev'ry day's work meet the wants of each day ;
Thus uncumber'd with debt through each week of the year,
With a pound at its close, he has no duns to fear.

Old Rowney the Rhymer loves no place like home,
Though sometimes his duty compels him to roam—
There his thrifty wife smiles—and his children so free,
How rosy and buoyant they dance 'round his knee !
And old books, to replenish his mind with rich thought,
And friends, few but trusty—such cannot be bought !
With treasures and pleasures so steadfast and pure,
Shall he run after phantoms, and spurn what is sure ?

Old Rowney the Rhymer has battled for truth,
In the strength of his manhood, the fire of his youth ;
And the weapons he wields, are of temper refined,
Ne'er dimm'd with the tears or the blood of his kind—
Humanity, reason, religion, and law,
Have won the best fields that the world ever saw :
But the triumphs yet gain'd, howe'er glorious to see,
Are as nothing, compar'd with the triumphs to be !

Old Rowney the Rhymer was out in the storm
That swept o'er the land, making way for Reform :
To his pilot-star true, heart and helm, to the last,
His course was right-onward, howe'er howl'd the blast ;

Howe'er toss'd his skiff, or how shatter'd his sail,
He still reach'd the haven, and conquer'd the gale—
No cause that was worthy, e'er called for his aid,
And found him indiff'rent—or slow—or afraid.

Old Rowney the Rhymer has a word for the poor—
Though he hates the sham whining and cant at his door—
For he knows their temptations, distresses, and cares,
And has felt what the lone child of Poverty shares ;
He has struggled with want—in calamity wept—
With the hungry consorted—with the houseless ones
slept—

But, disdaining to measure the man by his fate,
Has found honour in rags, worth in lowest estate.

Old Rowney the Rhymer has a faith that is strong,
Still cheering his soul as he journeys along—
Ever pointing to God as his Father and Friend,
Whose bliss he shall gain when life's troubles shall end :
It has shed o'er his pathway a light ever clear,
Which shew'd him, the true heart has nothing to fear,
But to keep the straight road, though severe it may prove,
As the surest and safest to the mansions above.

Old Rowney the Rhymer, though bent with his years,
Nor grieves o'er the past, nor futurity fears :
What little he had, he has scatter'd abroad,
What little he could, he has work'd with his God ;
And now he looks out, from the quiet of age,
With a blessing for all who crowd life's busy stage—
With a hope still triumphant o'er suff'ring and woe,
That heav'n will compensate all sorrows below.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

WHAT varied good our Father's love
Grants us on earth to share !
By day, by night—where'er we move,
His bounties meet us there !

Our lives are His, by Him bestow'd,
By Him preserv'd and bless'd :
He guards our way, cheers our abode,
And watches while we rest.

More bounteous still, He makes the grave
Conduct to endless joy,
Under a Leader strong to save,
Who shall Death's pow'r destroy.

With hearts sincere His gifts we'll own,
With praise His name we'll bless ;
And with our lives, not words alone,
Our souls' pure thanks express.

GOD SEES ME.

THOU, God, who dost all things survey,
The secrets know'st of every heart—
Thou smil'st upon each righteous way,
And tak'st thy lowliest servant's part.

The deeds which lurk from human sight,
Thine eye with piercing glance doth see—
Nor subtle art, nor deepest night,
Can screen the sons of guilt from Thee.

Stirr'd by the awful truth, my soul
Trembles to meet Thy searching gaze—
Oh calm my fears, my thoughts control,
And keep me in Thy holy ways.

Still let Thy law my passions quell ;
From pride and shame my heart restrain ;
Each grovelling wish of earth dispel—
Nor let me sigh for heav'n in vain !

THE WATERS OF LIFE.

INTENDED FOR MUSIC.

COME to the fountain ! come in haste—
Where the waters of life are flowing !
Through the sunny mead, and the barren waste,
Freely they flow, for all to taste,
Pure draughts of bliss bestowing.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

WHAT so frail as Life?

Vapours melt not in the sun
Quicker than its breath is done ;
Blighted buds not faster waste,
Than to dust its glories haste ;—
Fragile as the spider's thread
'Cross the beaten pathway spread—
Oh, how frail is Life !

What so strong as Love?

Conscious of a heavenly birth,
Spurning ev'ry taint of earth,
True to Virtue's sternest claims,
Noble all her thoughts and aims—
Self-forgetting, others' good
Wins her whole solicitude—
Oh, how strong is Love !

What so fleet as Time?

Never resting, day or night,
Still he holds his rapid flight ;
Coursing over earth's wide stage,
Passing youth, he gains on age—
Overtaking in the chace
All who run the mortal race—
Oh, how fleet is Time !

What so foul as Sin ?

Though an angel's smile she wear,
Lift her mask, a fiend is there !
'Gainst thy soul her plots are laid—
Shun her pleasures, scorn her aid ;
Life she poisons, Love pollutes—
Woe and anguish all her fruits—
Oh, how foul is Sin !

What so sure as Death ?

Guard Life's mansion 'round and 'round—
Still for him a way is found ;
He respects nor wealth, nor state,
Strength, nor beauty—will not wait—
Come he will, when comes his hour ;
Who shall then resist his pow'r ?—
Oh, how sure is Death !—

What so blest as Heav'n ?

Grief, and pain, and sin, unknown—
Cares of earth for ever flown—
Friends long sever'd part no more,
Meeting on a changeless shore—
Hearts all fill'd with holy love,
Seeing God where'er they move—
Oh, how blest is Heav'n !

What so true as God ?

Man is frail, and earth is vain—
Firm His promises remain !
His perfections never change
Through eternity's vast range—
His the pow'r that never fails,
And His love o'er all prevails—
Oh, how true is God !

“HERE'S TO THE BRAVE !”

INTENDED FOR MUSIC.

HERE's to the brave,
By danger undaunted—
Now fast asleep !
By the wild wave
Their dirge ever is chanted—
Their bed the deep !

Not cups of wine,
Soon drain'd, their fame shall cherish—
As soon to die !
In our hearts' shrine
It lives—not doom'd to perish,
But bloom on high !

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF REBOUL, THE BAKER-POET OF NISMES,
IN CHATEAUBRIAND'S "SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

AN Angel bent with radiant look,
Over a cradled infant's play,
And, as reflected in a brook,
View'd his own image, where it lay.

"Sweet babe," he said, "in whom I see
Another self, oh ! with me come !
My blissful state I'll share with thee—
Not earth, but heav'n, should be thy home !

"No good is here unmingled found—
In pleasure's paths what sorrows rise !
Sadness obtrudes where joys abound,
And raptur'd accents end in sighs !

"Alas ! what ceaseless cares and fears
May agonize that placid brow ;
And quench in bitter floods of tears,
Those azure eyes, so sparkling now !

“No, no!—aloft through fields of space,
Thou’rt summon’d hence, with me to go—
So art thou spared by heavenly grace,
The trials, waiting thee below.”

Then, on his snow-white wings unfurl’d,
The smiling Angel upward sped,
To reach the pure, immortal world—
Weep, mother, weep!—thy babe is dead!

TRANSLATION OF A HEBREW EPITAPH,

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY THE REV. DR. RAPHAEL.

Too early to the grave consign’d,
A son belov’d reposes here :
Virtue adorn’d his gifted mind
With feelings pure, with thoughts sincere.

Few were his years—his trials great—
Yet the meek sufferer bow’d his head,
Resign’d his Father’s call to wait,
Unaw’d affliction’s vale to tread.

Through sickness, pain, his soul aspired
To life eternal, bliss divine ;
Still with the hope of Israel fired,
Before its God in peace to shine.

There in its glorious resting-place,
With kindred spirits shall it dwell ;
While He who veils his awful face
From mortal sight, shall guard them well.

TRANSLATION OF A HEBREW ODE,

CONTAINED IN THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE JEWISH CHRONICLE, 1844.

OH House of Jacob, wake, arise,
That dwellest in the sea-girt isle !
Send forth thy children in their might !
Why should the nations ask, "Where now thy wise?"
Why should'st thou bear thy neighbours' scornful smile ?
Stand nobly up, and claim thy ancient right !

Thy home is perfect beauty—glory's theme ;
Thy countless mines with various riches teem ;
Thy merchants princes are—
Thy traders known afar—
But still
The place stands empty, thou should'st boldly fill !

Like queenly Tyre, the mart of nations thou,
Rearing amidst the sea
The pride and beauty of thy brow :
Upon the bosom of each swelling tide,
Thou send'st thy commerce far and wide—

No land so distant, that it blesseth not ;
Yet must thy teachers from afar be brought—
And none be worthy found, that spring from thee !

Great is thy skill, and prosperous thy trade ;
Sumless the riches by thy traffic made :
These fill thy mouth with words—'tis thy delight,
On them to pore by day, to dream by night ;
While thy wise masters' books, behind thee spurn'd,
Lie valueless, forgot—
Thy children learn them not,
Nor e'er to them thy own deep thoughts are turn'd.

Thou fill'st the land with silver and with gold ;
Thy growing treasures will no limits own :
But where is wisdom's home within thee shewn ?
Who doth thy gates of learning wide unfold ?
To whom is understanding's dwelling known ?
Untaught by them, how vain the toil consum'd
To plant thy vineyards, sow thy fields !
No ripen'd fruit thy garden yields—
And thorns abound, where roses should have bloom'd.

Where are thy students seen, pondering o'er the page
Fraught with the lore of many a gifted sage,
Weighing the science of each different age ?
In thy great meetings thou may'st lift thy voice,
And in thy past career triumphantly rejoice ;
But while thy sons in princes put their trust,
Thy boasted greatness moulders into dust.

Awake then, House of Jacob!—break thy sleep—
 Look up—behold thy Rock!
 His wakeful eye o'er thee a guard doth keep:
 Beneath His banner, fear no shock!
 Firm beside His ensign stand,
 And shew thy mighty faith to all the land:
 Let justice be thy panoply,
 And honest truth thy shield;
 Fight the Lord's battles valiantly—
 No foe shall see thee yield!
 To His high service all thy powers bend,
 And, like a lion, stand, His People's Friend!

TRANSLATION OF A HEBREW ELEGY,

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

WHAT am I? and what business have I here?
 Hath some great Being, in his waken'd wrath,
 Here thrown me into desolation's path,
 The victim of distress, and pain, and fear?
 Behold! the earth devours the children whom she bears!
 "All is but vanity," the Preacher's voice declares.

My coming-forth was unto wailing cries—
 My going-hence shall be unto the tomb:
 The days between, all overcast with gloom,
 And troubles fill the minutes as they rise!
 My four-score years of life a fleeting portion seem,
 Ev'n "vanity of vanities"—the Preacher's theme!

What canst thou furnish, earth, to fill my want?
What recompense provide for all my toils?—
From all thy proffer'd gifts my soul recoils!
Transient as frail, each joy that thou canst grant!
Of thy best treasures, still I hear the Preacher call,
“But vanity of vanities!”—deceitful all!

Yet tears shall cease, and consolations spring
To raise my soul by long misfortune tried!
A Father's mercy bids me here abide,
To wait His will, which good at last shall bring:
Only beyond the grave Faith bears its fruit of joy!
“To fear the Lord,” the Preacher saith, “be thine employ.”

This world, of discipline and care the scene—
The next, of rest and peace the glorious seat!
Then what these eighty years with toils replete,
Compar'd with endless years of joy serene!
A happy Eden there invites my deathless soul—
“Then fear the Lord alway”—the Preacher's accents roll.

With steadfast aim I'll walk my journey through;
With faith my staff, I'll meet each coming change,
Nor tremble, though 'midst ruins wild I range,
Nor fear, though earth should quake before my view:
My soul unmoved shall see the heavens melt away—
It loves to “fear the Lord,” the Preacher to obey.

THE ADVENT OF MAY.

FROM THE GERMAN, AND ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF WEBER.

YOUNG May comes dancing o'er the ground,
With rose-buds in her tresses bound ;
The vales with smiles her presence greet,
And flow'rets spring beneath her feet.

CHORUS.

Hail ! hail ! bright Queen of all the year !
Sweet May !
Thy choicest garlands scatter here,
Jocund May !

Sweet May ! thou bidd'st the world resume
Beneath Love's sway, its wonted bloom ;
Thou fill'st our hearts with festive mirth,
And spread'st rejoicing o'er the earth :

CHORUS.

Hail ! hail ! dear herald of delight !
Sweet May !
Put all our cares and fears to flight,
Jocund May !

THE INCONSTANT FIXED.

IMITATION OF A FRENCH SONG.

SHE lov'd *me* first, the beauteous maid,
And well my heart her love repaid ;
But love with her was fancy's sport—
It lasted but a day—so short !

For on the morrow Myrtil play'd
His "Hymn of Love" beneath the shade ;
She heard the song—it turn'd her whim
For one whole day to flatter him.

Restless in love, through all she ranged—
By turns each shepherd chose, and changed :
While they complained, I thank'd the fair,
For one bright day that banish'd care.

Whene'er the lov'd one flies your track,
Think not by frowns to call her back :
And if her wayward flight you blame,
She'll say, "'Tis your's to lure the game !"

When next we met, I gently said,
As she wreath'd roses round her head—
"Returns the tender fit for me,
To grant another jubilee ?"

The blushes o'er her features stole,
And smiles betray'd her yielding soul ;
I caught her ere the whim was flown—
And now the maid is all my own !

Ye swains, whose love is vex'd with care,
Ne'er treat your maids with peevish air ;
Their fickle humours none may chain—
But learn to please, they'll turn again !

SONG IN THE ORATORIO OF "THE DELUGE."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

EARTH'S vast sluices widely gushing,
Give each rill a torrent's might ;
From her dark abysses rushing,
Countless streams their waves unite :

Ocean's floods, from hidden fountains,
High in roaring surges toss'd,
Foam above the hills—the mountains—
Till their proudest cliffs are lost :

Heav'n completes the desolation—
All her flood-gates teem with doom :
Death, triumphant o'er creation,
Makes all earth one hideous tomb.

PASTORAL SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Why will my Lucy wander
From village-friends and home?
In vain, for bosoms fonder
Through city crowds she'll roam!
The phrase of art they'll borrow,
To paint pretended love,
But never feel the sorrow,
Which real lovers prove.

Before your eyes may flutter
A thousand glitt'ring forms,
Who in your ears will mutter
The praises of your charms:
They'll call you "dear tormentor!"
But art, not love, they shew;
While I—I scarce can venture
To hint my passion's glow.

With such an air they'll chatter,
And vows of transport feign—
You'll not believe they flatter,
And scorn your village swain:
Their flames, by folly lighted,
By vanity are fed;
But here true love is slighted—
And peace and hope are fled!

Ah ! why will Lucy wander ?
 Why spurn her village home ?—
 My flocks are bleating yonder—
 They bid my Lucy come !
 No courtly phrase I'll borrow,
 To speak my honest love ;
 Oh stay, to ease my sorrow,
 Or I with thee will rove !

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN EPITAPH BY LORD
 HAILES,

ON HIS WIFE AND TWO INFANT CHILDREN.*

TWIN babes, exulting I a father view'd,
 Proud of a happy birth with honour crown'd ;
 But soon a pitiable man I stood,
 To see my infant pair laid in the ground,
 With thee, lov'd wife !—Oh, how my sun is set,
 Fall'n in a moment from his blazing height !—
 Life's mazy, rayless waste I traverse yet,
 Companionless, unknowing where to guide my flight.

* The original Epitaph is here given :

“Vidi gemellos, et superbivi parens,
 Fausti decus puerperi ;
 At mox sub uno flebilis vidi parens,
 Condi gemellos cespite !
 Te, dulcis uxor ! Ut mihi sol occidit,
 Radiante dejectus polo !
 Obscura vitæ nunc ego per avia,
 Solus ac dubius feror.”

TO A ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

LEAVE, blooming flower, leave the plain,
Where Flora's hand your beauties rear'd,
In richer, happier soil to reign,
And grace the spot to me endear'd !

Go, deck the maid—if thou canst lend
One grace to her I love—adore—
And o'er her fragrant bosom bend,
Till thy last blush of life is o'er.

When in the beam of Mintha's eye,
Thou feel'st the magic of her gaze,
How wilt thou bless thy destiny,
And love to perish in the blaze !

And how, beneath her witching pow'r,
In thee is all my love express'd—
Mourning, in thy last fading hour,
To leave so pure, so true a breast !

But ah ! sweet rose, in thee is told
The fate of Beauty's richest gem !
The day thy precious charms unfold,
They haste to wither on the stem.

Then let my Mintha learn from thee
This truthful lesson well to prize—
“Since Beauty's reign is but a day,
Enjoy the blessing ere it flies.”

OH ! REMEMBER, 'TIS THE LAST !

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to all the dear delights

I fondly hoped to share with thee !

Since vain caprice my love requites,

I'll love no more !—Ay, now I'm free !—

Farewell, inconstant maid !—adieu !

From thee my heart's for ever pass'd—

Then let us take one parting view ;

But oh ! remember, 'tis the last !

Oh ! what a smile enwreathes her lip !

How it invites a parting kiss !—

I feel my angry passion slip—

Who can resist a foe like this ?

Ah ! such a smile, from such a face,

Would melt the heart of sternest cast :

Come, witching rogue ! one fond embrace !—

But oh ! remember, 'tis the last !

As thus I strove to snap my chain,

With look subdued the maiden sigh'd,

“This cruel coyness I but feign,

To prove thy love, my bosom's pride !

Nay then, forgive my erring fear—

Let each forget the sorrows past !

Thy love is spoken in that tear—

But oh ! remember, 'tis the last !”





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